2.

FORTUNE BY LAND and SEA.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it was Acted with great Applause by the QUEENS Servants.

WRITTEN BY

THO. HAYWOOD.

AND

WILLIAM ROWLY.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Sweeting* at the *Angel* in *Popes-head* Alley, and *Robert Pollard* at the *Ben Johnson*'s Head behind the *Exchange*. 1655.

The Perſons of the Play.

Old Foreſt.
Frank Foreſt. } *his Sons.*
Young Foreſt. }
Old Harding.
Philip *his eldeſt Son married* Suſan Foreſt.
William *and* } *his younger Sons.*
John }
M. Rainsford, *a quarelſome Gentleman.*
Goodwin, } *Gentlemen, Friends to* Rainsford.
Foſter. }
Merchant, Brother to Mrs. Harding.
Purſer, *and* } *Pirates.*
Clinton, }
Clown.
Purſivant.
Heſt.
Saylors.
Hangman.
Drawers.
Officers.

Mrs. Anne Harding, *ſecond wife to old* Harding.
Suſan, *daughter of old* Foreſt, *wife of* Philip Harding.

The Scene LONDON.

Fortune by Land and Sea.

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth, *old Mr.* Forreſt, Frank Forreſt, Suſan Forreſt, Goodwin *and Mr.* Foſter, 2. *Gentlemen.*

Rayns. I Prithee *Frank* lets have thy company to ſupper.

Frank. With all my heart if I can but give my Father here the ſlip by ſix a clock I will not fail.

Rayns. Ile talk with him, I prithee old man lend thy ſon to night, wee'le borrow him but ſome two hours, and ſend him home agen to thee preſently.

Good. Faith do Mr. *Forreſt*, he cannor ſpend his time in better company.

Old For. Oh Gentlemen, his too much liberty breeds many ſtrange outragious ills in youth, and faſhions them to vice.

Rayns. Nay ſchool us not old man, ſome of us are too old to learn, and being paſt whipping too, there's no hope of profiting; if we ſhall have him ſay ſo? if not, I prithee keep him ſtill, and God give the good of him,

Frank. Nay will you be gone, Ile be at the heels of you as I live.

Foſt. 'Tis enough, nay come, and if we ſhall go, let's go:

Old For. Nay Gentlemen do not miſtake me pray, I love my ſon, but do not doat on him; nor is he ſuch a darling in mine eye, that I am lought to have him from my ſight; yet let me tell you, had you gentlemen called him to any fairer exerciſe, as practice of known weapons, or to back ſome gallant gennet; had it been to dance, leap in the fields, to wreſtle, or to try maſteries in any noble quality, *I* could have ſpared him to you half his age:

But call him out to drinking, of all skill
I hold that much us'd practice, the moſt ill.

Frank. I told him you would ſtill be urging him, and ſee what comes on't. I *Per ſequar.*

Rayns. Sir what we doe's in love, and let you know we do not need his purſe nor his acquaintance, nor if you ſhould miſtake, can we be ſorry nor wound to ask your pardon: fare ye well, come Gentlemen.

Frank. will you be gone? Ile come.

Old Forr. Oh ſonne that thou wilt follow rioting, ſurfeit by drinking and unſeaſoned hours; theſe Gentlemen perhaps may do't they're rich, well landed, and their Fathers purchaſe dayly, where I heaven knowes the world ſtill frowning on me, am forc'd to ſell and Margage to keep you. His brother rancks himſelf with the beſt gallants that flouriſh in the Kingdom, thee not able to ſpend with them, yet for his vertuous parts he is borne out, his perſon woed and ſought, and they more bound to him for hi diſcourſe then he to them for their expence and coſt. Thy courſe is otherwiſe, all drinking healths, cups of muld Sack, and glaſſes elbow deep: drink in thy youth, maintain thee in thine age, no 'twill not hold out boy.

Frank. My company hath not been to your purſe ſo chargeable; I do not ſpend ſo much.

Old Forr. Thou ſpendeſt thy time more pretious then thy coyn, conſumeſt thy hopes, thy fortunes and thy after exyectations, in drowning ſurfeits, tell me canſt thou cal that thrift to be in all theſe prodigal. Uſe thy diſcretion, ſomewhat I devine,
Mine is the care, the loſs or profit thine. *Exit.*

Suſan. Brother be ruled, my Father grieves to ſee you given to theſe boundleſs riots, will you follow?

Frank. Lead you the way, Ile after you.

Suſan. 'Tis well, hee'l look for you within,

Frank. When? can you tel? *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Raynsfoorth, Goodwin, *and* Foſter.

Rayns. Boy my cloak.

Goodw. Our cloaks ſirrah. *Enter a Drawer.*

Foſt. Why Drawer.

1. *Drawer* Here Sir.

Rayns. Some Canary Sack and Tobacco.

Draw. You ſhall Sir, wilt pleaſe you ſtay ſupper?

Rayns. Yes marry will we Sir, lets have the beſt cheer the kitchin yeilds: the pipe ſirrah,

Drawer. Here Sir.

Rayns. Will *Frank* be here at ſupper?

Goodw. So Sir he promis'd, and preſumes he wil not fail his hour.

Rayns. Some Sack boy, I am all lead within, ther's no mirth in me, nor was I wont to be ſo lumpiſh ſad: reach me the glaſſe: what's this?

Draw. Good Sherry Sack Sir.

Rayns. I meant Canary Sir, what haſt no brains?

Draw.

Draw. Pox a your brains, are your fingers ſo light. *Rainſ.* Say ſir.

Draw. You ſhall have Cannary preſently.

Goodw. When was he wont to be in this ſad ſtrain, excepting ſome few ſudden melanchollies, there lives not one more free and ſociable.

Foſt. I am too well acquainted with his humour, to ſtir his blood in the leaſt diſtemperature; Coſe Ile be with you here. *Enter Drawer.*

Rainſ. Do, come to me; have you hit upon the right Cannary now, or could your Hogſhead find a *Spaniſh* But? A health.

Goodw. Were it my height Ile pledge it.

Foſt. How do you now man?

Rainſ. Well, well, exceeding well, my melancholly ſadneſs ſteals away, and by degrees ſhrinks from my troubled heart: Come let's be merry, more Tobacco boy, and bring in ſupper. *Enter* Frank Forreſt.

Foſt. Frank, welcom, welcom, wilt thou be here old lad?

Goodw. Or here?

Fran. Wherefore hath nature lent me two hands but to uſe them both at once (my cloak) I am for you here and here.

Foſt. Bid them make haſte of ſupper; ſome diſcourſe to paſs away the time.

Rainſ. Now *Frank*, how ſtole you from your Fathers arms? you have been ſchooled no doubt; fie, fie upon't, e'r I would live ſuch baſe ſervitude to an old gray beard, Sfoot Ide hang my ſelf. A man cannot be merry and drink drunk, but he muſt be controled by gravity.

For. O pardon him, you know he is my father, and what he doth is but paternal love; though I be wild, I am not ſo paſt reaſon, his perſon to deſpiſe; though I his counſel cannot ſeverely follow.

Rainſ. Sfoot he's a fool. *Fran.* A fool; y'ar a——

Foſt. Nay Gentlemen. *Frank.* Yet I reſtrain my tongue, hoping you ſpeak out of ſome ſpleenful raſhneſs, and no deliberate malice: And 'tmay be you are ſorry that a word ſo unreverent to wrong ſo good an aged Gentleman ſhould paſs you unawares.

Rainſ. Sorry, Sir boy, you will not take exceptions.

Fra. Not againſt you with willingneſs, whom I have loved ſo long; yet you might think me a moſt dutileſs and ungracious Son to give ſmooth countenance unto my fathers wrong; come, I dare ſwear 'twas not your malice, and I take it ſo; lets frame ſome other talk, hear Gentlemen.

Rainſ. But hear me boy, it ſeems Sir you are angry.

Fra. Not throughly yet. *Rainſ.* Then what would anger thee?

Fra. Nothing from you.

Rainſ.

Rainſ. Of all things under heaven what wouldeſt thou loatheſt have me do?

Fra. I would not have you wrong my reverent Father, and I hope you will not.

Rainſ. Thy Father's an old dotard.

Fran. I could not brook this at a Monarchs hands, much leſſe at thine.

Rainſ. I boy, then take you that. [*Flings wine in's face.*

Fra. I was not born to brook this, oh I am ſlain.

Goodr. Sweet Coſe what have you done; ſhift for your ſelf.

Rainſ. Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* Stay the Gentlemen, they have kild a man: O ſweet Mr. *Francis*; one run to his Fathers.

2. *Draw.* Had not we Drawers enough in the houſe, but they muſt needs draw too?

1. *Draw.* They have drawn blood of this Gentleman that I have drawn many a quart of wine to: Oh ſweet Mr. *Francis*; hark, hark, I hear his Fathers voice below, ten to one he is come to fetch him home to ſupper, and now he may carry him home to his grave: Seehere he comes.

Enter the Hoſt, Mr. Forreſt, *and* Suſan.

Hoſt: You muſt take comfort, Sir.

old For. Would heaven I could, or that I might beg patience.

Suſ. Oh my brother. *old For.* Is he dead, is he dead girl.

Suſ. Oh dead ſir, *Frank* is dead.

old For. Alaſs, alaſs my boy, I have not the heart to look upon his wide and gaping wounds: Hide them, oh hide them from me, leſt thoſe mouthes through which his life paſt through ſwallow mine: Pray tell me, Sir, doth this appear to you fearful and pittiful, to you that are a ſtranger to my dead boy?

Hoſt. How can it otherwiſe?

old For. Oh me moſt wretched of all wretched men, if to a ſtranger his warm bleeding wounds appear ſo grieſly, and ſo lamentable, how will they ſeem to me that am his Father? will they not hale my eyeballs from their rounds, and with an everlaſting blindneſs ſtrike 'em.

Suſ. Oh Sir, look here.

old For. Do'ſt thou long to have me blind, then Ile behold them ſince I know thy mind: oh me is this my ſonne that doth ſo ſenſleſs lye, and ſwims in blood, my ſoul ſhall fly with his

Unto

Unto the land of reſt, behold I crave,
Being kild with grief we both may have one grave.

Suſ. Alaſs my Father's dead too gentle Sir, help to retire his ſpirits over-travell'd with age and ſorrow.

Heſt. Mr. *Forreſt.* *Suſ.* Father.

old For. What ſaies my girl? good morrow; what's a clock that you are up ſo early? call up *Frank*, tell him he lies too long a bed this morning: was wont to call the Sun up, and to raiſe the early Lark, and mount her 'mongſt the clouds; will he not up, riſe, riſe thou ſluggiſh boy.

Suſ. Alaſs he cannot Father. *old For.* Cannot, why?

Suſ. Do you not ſee his bloodleſs colour fail.

old For. Perhaps he's ſickly that he looks ſo pale.

Suſ. Do you not feel his pulſe no motion keep? how ſtill he lies.

old For. Then is he faſt aſleep?

Suſ. Do you not ſee his fatal eye-lide cloſe.

old For. Speak ſoftly, hinder not his ſoft repoſe.

Suſ. Oh ſee you not theſe purple conduits run, know you theſe wounds?

old Foſt. Oh me my murdered Son.

Enter young Mr. Forreſt.

Mr. For. Siſter. *Suſ.* O brother, brother.

Mr. For. Father, how cheer you Sir? why you were wont to ſtore for others comfort that by ſorrow were any way diſtreſt, have you all waſted, and ſpared none to your ſelf.

old For. Oh Son, ſon, ſon, ſee alaſs, ſee where thy brother lies, he dined with me to day, was merry, merry, eye that courſe was, he that lies here, ſee there thy murdered brother, and my ſon was, ſee doeſt not thou not weep for him.

Mr. For. I ſhall find time,
When you have took ſome comfort Ile begin
To mourn his death, and ſcourge the murderers ſin.
Dear father be adviſed, take hence his body, and let it have a ſolemn funeral.

old For. But for the murderer, ſhall not he attend the ſentence of the Law with all ſeverity.

Mr. For. Have you but patience, ſhould we urge the Law he hath ſuch honourable friends to guard him, we ſhould in that but bark againſt the Moon; nay do not look that way, take hence the body, let the Law ſleep, the time ere it be long, may offer't ſelf to a more juſt revenge:

We

We are poor, and the world ſrowns on all our fortune, with patience then bear this amongſt the reſt: The heavens when they be pleaſed may turn the wheel of Fortune round, when we that are dejected, may be a-gain raiſed to our former height.

old For. Oh when ſaw Father ſuch a tragick ſight,
And did outlive it, never ſonne, ah never
From mortall breaſt run ſuch a pretious River.

Mr. For. Come Father and dear Siſter joyn with me,
Let us all learn our ſorrows to forget,
He owed a death, and he hath payd that debt. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scen. 2.

Enter old Mr Harding, *his two ſonnes* William *and* John, *his Wife* Anne, *a newly come from the Wedding.*

old Hard. So things are as they ſhould be, we have attained the height of ſolace and true joy, ſweet *Nan* no, ſooner married but a Mother of this my hopeful Iſſue, cheer thoughts, for what I want in youth I wil ſupply in true affection, and what age doth ſcant me in ſprightly vigour, Ile make good in wealth.

Anne: Sir, you well know I was not eaſily wonne, and therefore not ſoon changed; adviſedly, not raſhly did I venter on your love. My young unſet'led thoughts from their long travels have late attained unto their journeys end, and they are now at reſt.

old Hard. Here they have found a harbour to retire to.

Wil: 'Twould become you to uſe my Father here reſpectively: you ſee how he receives you almoſt dowerleſs.

Joh. 'True, where he out of his own abilities might have commanded Widdows richer farre, I, and perhaps each way as beautiful.

Anne: Upbraid me not, I do confeſs he might, nor was this match my ſeeking: If it hath pleaſed your father for ſome virtues known in me, to grace me with his free election: Me-thinks it worſe becomes you being ſonnes to blame a Fathers pleaſure; howſoever better my ſelf I cannot if he thought me
Worthy his bed I ſee ſmall reaſon you
Should wrong me to him that my ſtate beſt knew.

old Hard. Nan, I am pleaſed they ſhall be ſatisfied; and boyes I tell you, though you be my ſonnes, you much forget your duty to a Mother whom I hold worthy to be called my Wife; no more of this I charg you.

Wil: Sir, we have done.

old Hard: No child to her, can be to me no Son.

Joh.

Joh. I am pleaſed, here my ſpleen dyes,
Suddenly fallen as it did quickly riſe.

old Hard: This is the end I aim'd at, were my eldeſt preſent among us much I had my height of wiſhes. *Enter Clown*

Clow. I have been there, Sir.

old Hard. And foundeſt thou my Son *Philip?*

Clow: When you had given him me in charge, I had of him great care I have took of him great care, and I have took him napping, as you know who took his Mare: I found your ſon *Philip* like a Cockſparrow billing: if I had ſtayed but a little longer, I might have taken him and his hen treading, I know not whether it be St. *Valentines* day or no, but I am ſure they are coupled.

old Hard. How coupled doſt thou mean?

Clow: I ſee them one and one, and that you know makes two, and two makes a couple, and they well coupled, may in time make a third between 'em; I do not think but tis like to be a match.

old Hard: I vow if e'r he match into that family, the Kindred being all begger'd, that forc'd union ſhall make a firm divorce 'twixt him and mine.

Enter Philip *and* Suſan.

Clow: Here they are, Sir, *coram nobis*, you will find it a plain caſe if the matter be well ſearcht; I have ſpoke but what I have ſeen; and now let every one anſwer for themſelves.

old Hard: What means theſe hands?

Phil. Nothing Sir, ſave a meer interchange of hearts and ſouls doubly made faſt by vows.

old Hard: 'Twixt her and thee! *Phil:* So, and no otherwiſe.

old Hard: Yet thou haſt time to pauſe, and to repeat but after this no limit to conſider; caſt her off, or henceforth I diſclaim thee for my Son.

Phil: Yet *I* ſhall ever hold you for my father.

old Hard: Then ſhew in this thy duty, quite forſake her, and be reſtored into my family.

Phil: O Sir ſhe is a virgin chaſte and fair, unto whoſe bed I am by oath engaged; that power above that heard the contract paſs, both heard, approved, and ſtill records the ſame: Oh Sir I am of years, oft have you wiſht to ſee me well beſtowed, and now's the time your wiſh hath took effect: It was your prayer that heaven would ſend me a good Wife, and lo in her they have ſhewed their bounty.

old Hard: Thou thy baſeneſs, take one that's of my chuſing.

Phil: Do men uſe by other hearts and eyes their wives to chuſe?
old Hard: She's poor. *Phil:* Yet virtuous.
old Hard: Virtue, a ſweet dower.
Phil: Yet that when *Mammon* fails retains her power.
old Hard: Poſſeſt of virtue then thou need ought elſe.
Phil: Riches may waſte by fire, by ſea, by ſtealth,
But water, fire, nor theft can virtue waſte,
When all elſe fails us that alone ſhall laſt.
old Hard: Go to *Cheapſide* with virtue in your purſe,
And cheapen Plate, or to the Shambles hye,
And ſee what meat with virtue you can buy.
Will virtue make the pot ſeeth, or the Jack turn a ſpit laden? tell me, will your Landlord at quarter day take virtue for his rent? will your Wives virtue yeeld you ten i'th hundred? a good ſtock would do all this: Come, come Son, Ile find thee a rich match and turn her off.
Wil: Faith doe brother, the onely way to thrive is to be ruled by my Father.
John: Do you think I being but the youngeſt, would marry under the degree of a Gentlewoman, and that without my fathers conſent too?
Phil: I wiſh you may not, but withall adviſe you to make a conſcience how you break a vow: And Sir, for you, with pardon, I could trace you even in that path in which I ſtnnd condemned: This Gentlewoman my beauteous Mother-in-law, whoſe virtues I both honour, and admire, whom in no kind I envy, I preſume you married not for riches; for if ſo, Where is that wealthy Dower ſhe brought along? being your ſelf example blame me not to make a father my ſtrict preſident.
In viewing me bear but your ſelf in mind,
And prove to her, as I to this like kind.
Anne. The Gentleman ſpeaks well, pray let me mediate between you a reconcilement. *Wil:* Good Sir do.
Joh: Since 'tis my Mothers pleaſure to take't well, wee'l be joynt ſuitors with her. *Clow.* And I too good Maſter.
old Hard: the boy's inflexible, and I obdure, he cannot be more ſaucy to object that which I would not hear then I perverſe, in yeelding to a knave ſo obſtinate.
Suſ. He is your Son, and of your blood the firſt; brand him not with a name ſo odious, you cannot write your ſelf a Gentleman, but leave him of that name inheritor, though you have power to take away his means, deprive him both your bleſſing and your love,
Which methinks in a Father ſhould ſeem ſtrange,

His

His ſtate, you may his blood you cannot change.

Old Hard. Bated on all ſides: have I been thus long a Father and a Maſter to direct, to be at theſe years pupil'd by a girle? a beggar, one that all the welth ſhe has, bears on her back, and ſhall I ſuffer this? whileſt theſe that ought to arm me with juſt rage, preach to me patience; Ile endure no more, come leave them ſweet wife, gentle ſonn s away. *Exeunt.*

Phil. Ile have thee yet though all the world ſay nay.

Clow. Now which of theſe parties ſhall I cleave to and follow: well now I remember my ſelf Ile ſhew my ſelf a true Citizen and ſtick to the ſtronger ſide. *Exit.*

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Mr. Raynsfoorth *and young Mr.* Forreſt *meeting.*

For. Pray let me ſpeak with you. *Raynſ.* With me Sir?

For. With you. *Raynſ.* Say on.

For. Do you not know me?

Raynſ. Keep off upon the peril of thy life, come not within my ſwords length leaſt this Arm prove fatal to thee, and bereave thy life, as it hath done thy brothers.

For. Why now thou knoweſt me truely by that token, that thou haſt ſlain my brother, put up, put up, ſo great a quarrel as a brothers life muſt not be made a ſtreet brall, 'tis not fit that every Apprentice ſhould with his ſhop-club, betwixt us play the ſticklers, ſheath thy ſword.

Raynſ. Swear thou wilt act no ſuddaine violence, or this ſharp ſword ſhall ſtill be enterpos'd 'twixt me and thy known hatred.

Young For. Sheath thy ſword, by my religion and that intereſt I have in Gentry I will not be guilty of any baſe revenge.

Raynſ. Say on.

For. Let's walk, truſt me let not thy guilty ſoul be jealous of my fury this my hand's curbed and governed by an honeſt heart, not by juſt anger, Ile not touch thee foully for all the world: let's walk.

Raynſ. Proceed.

For. Sir, you did kill my brother, had it been in faire and even encounter, though a child, his death I had not queſtioned.

Raynſ. Is this all?

For. Hee's gone, the Law is paſt, your life is cleared, for none of all our kindred laid againſt you evidence to hang you; y'are a Gentleman, and pity 'twere a man of your diſcent ſhould dye a Fellons death: See Sir, thus far we have demeaned fairly like our ſelves: but

think you though we winck at baſe revenge, a brothers death can be ſo ſoon forgot, our Gentry baffel'd and our name diſgrac'd? no t'muſt not be, I am a Gentleman well known; and my demeaner hitherto hath promiſt ſomewhat: ſhould I ſwallow this, the ſcandal would out live me: briefly then Ile fight with you.

Raynſ. I am loath.

Forr. Anſwer directly whether you dare to meet me on even termes, or mark how i'le proceed.

Raynſ. Say I deny't.

Forr. Then I ſay thou art a villaine and I challenge thee, where ere I meet thee next, in field or town, thy Fathers manners or thy Tennants grange, ſaving the Church, there is no priviledge in all this land for thy deſpiſed life; no guard of friends, no night walks, or ſly ſtealth, no jealous fear which in a murtherers eye keeps hourly watch, ſhall have the priviledge: this even and ballanc'd fight body to body; Ile kill thee be it in thy bed, at meat, in thy wives arms; as thou tookeſt my brother, with thy back towards me, baſely: anſwer me.

Raynſ. Ile meet with thee; the hour?

Forr. By ſix to morrow morning, 'tis your priviledge to appoint the place and weapon.

Raynſ. *Hownſelow* the place, my choice of weapon this.

Forr. I can except at neither; fail the place, or ſuit your weapons length, farewel. *Exit.*

Raynſ. Yes 'tis thou meeteſt thy laſt farewel on earth, the appoynted hour's to morrow: let the ſame fate obſcure his deſperate head that fell upon his brothers. *Enter* Goodwin *and* Foſter.

Goodw. Now Cozen *Raynſforth.*

Raynſ. Ile ſo ſwinge my yonker.

Foſt. Why who hath rayſed this ſtorm Sir?

Raynſ. Wat'ſt thou what? The elder *Forreſt* parted but even now, call'd me to queſtion 'bout his brothers death, and ſince hath challeng'd me.

Goodw. Challenged? *Raynſ.* Challenged me.

Foſt. Why hee's too wea for you.

Raynſ. Yes, I ſhall weak him, my purpoſe is to teach the ſtripling fence; And you be honeſt Gentlemen ſtand but a looſe to morrow, and obſerve how I will ſwinge my youth about the field.

Goodw. And pleaſe Heaven ile be there. *Foſt* And ſo will I.

Raynſ. He ſeekes his fate, and murderers once being in
Wade further till they drown; ſin pulls on ſin. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus primus. Act.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Old Harding, William, John, Anne.

Will. TIs true upon my life.

Old. Hard, Say what thou wilt *I*le not beleeve it boy.

Will, Do you beleeve me to be your Son *William.* *Old Ha.* Wel.

Will. Do you beleeve I ſtand here? *Old Hard.* On.

Will. That this Gentlewoman is your wife? *Old Hard.* So.

Will. That *Jack Harding* here is my brother? *Old Hard.* Good.

Will. That I ſpeak to you, that you liſt to me? Do you believe any think that is to be believed?

Old Hard. What of all this?

Will. Then beleeve my brother *Phillip* has married Miſtreſſe *Suſan.* I ſaw them in the Church together; I heard them pronounce the words together, whether it be better or worſe for them I know not, but they are in for better and worſe, that I am ſure.

Old Hard. As ſure as thou art certain this is true, ſo ſure He diſinherit the proud boy: and all the Magazin that I enjoy, devide 'tween you my ſons.

John Not all Father, alaſs, allow him ſome ſmal legacy to live on.

Will: If't be but a caſt Farm, or ſome poor Cottage rather then nothing, it may be hee'l content himſelf with a little, you know ſomewhat hath ſome ſavour.

Old Hard: He that hath ſet me and my love at nothing Ile leave him worth as little.

Anne Chide him you may, but yet not caſt him off; For Fathers ought moſt chaſtiſe where they love; Parents as I have read, their rage ſhould hide where children fall through weakneſſe, not through pride.

Old Hard: They are none ſuch to me, my vow is paſt,
My life may fade, but yet my will ſhall laſt.

Enter Philip *and* Suſan.

Will. See where the four bare legs that belong to a bed come, I could almoſt pity him.

Jack And why pity him, all the while that marriage is the firſt ſtep to our making?

Phil: See Sir 'tis done *Old Hard:* And thou undone.

Phil: In loſing your kind favour more undone then in your caſual wealth.

Old Hard. By all that I enjoy.

Phil. Oh ſwear not, ſpare that oath, Ile credit you, although you ſpeak but mildely.

Old

Old Hard: So thrive I, if for this marriage made in diſpight of me I make thee partner of any ſubſtance that's accounted mine.

Phil: Not made in ſpight of you, unſay that language, and then you chide me truely as I live. And though on earth by your diſherited hope to be heir to heaven; I matcht with her in ſincere love, but in no ſpleen to you, though you have ſworn to give my fortunes from me; you have not ſworn to reave me of your love, that let me have, let others take the land.

Old Hart. My love goes with my land, and in this marriage thou haſt loſt both.

Phil. Your ſubſtance I deſpiſe, but to loſe that draws rivers from my eyes.

Anne Oh bear a ſoft and more relenting ſoul, and look upon the vertues of your ſonne, this Gentlewomans birth.

Old Hard. Wife, wife, if he have married her for birth, then let her birth maintain him.

Anne My kind ſons ſpeak to your fath .

Will: Alaſs Mother, you hear my Father hath ſworn, and do you love him, and would make him break's oath.

John Ingage his ſoul, that were a wives part indeed.

Will: As I live I would not wiſh him now he has ſworn to alter his minde in the leaſt circumſtance, for more then Ile ſpeak.

Phil: I am a kinder ſon then you be brothers, have you renounc't me for your ſon?

Old Hard. I have. *John* You ſee he has.

Phil: You have not yet renounc't me for your ſervant, that title let me bear, Ile be your man, and wear your Livery, ſince my poverty inforces me to ſerve, let it be you.

Will. Grant him that good Father, when you want imployment for him, I may ſometimes have occaſion to uſe him my ſelfe.

John A reaſonable motion, you want a ſerving-man, ſince you muſt hire one on force, as good him as another.

Phil: He wants a Maid too, let him hire this woman, his ſervant not his daughter, give us but as you would do to ſtrangers we are pleaſed.

Will. The motion's not amiſſe, can you milk ſweet heart.

Suſan I can.

Will: And ſweep a houſe, ſerve a hog, grope a hen, feel a duck, waſh and wring.

Suſan what I have uſed, my ſoft hand beſt can ſhew, but what I cannot Ile be glad to learn.

John

John A good willing mind in troth, and can you bake and brew ?

Suſan I ſhal be eaſily taught.

John. Y'ad beſt look too't, for as you brew, ſo y'are like to drink.

Old Hard. Sirrah, ſirrah, can you hold the plough and thraſh, ſow, reap, load a cart, drive a Teem.

Phil. Theſe or what elſe Ile practice.

Old Hard. Come then of with theſe gay cloaths, no habit's fit for hyndes; help boys to ſuit them as their fortunes are; go ſearch in the clowns wardrobe.

Will. Fear not wee'l fit 'em as wel as if we had tane meaſure of 'em.

Ann: To ſee this miſery with ſuch patience born, makes me to pity where theſe others ſcorn.

John Here Sir is that wil ſerve the turn if you employ him in the corn fields, Ile warrant him fright the birds, here's that wil make him look like a ſcarecrow.

Will. And here's that will change the coppy of her caſe, though not of her countenance.

Old Hard. Too good for drudges, live now by your ſweat, and at your labour make account to eat.

Phil. Here's but a ſorry wedding day.

Suſan My ſweet *Philip* that thou ſhouldſt ſuffer theſe extreams for me, onely for me.

Phil. Let that betwixt my ſoule and thine be witneſſe of my conſtant love; Alaſs for thee that thou muſt drudge and toyl, and having been a Miſtreſs all thy life, muſt now become a ſervant. *Ent. Clown.*

Clow. This being the wedding day of my Maſters eldeſt Son, I expect rare cheer. As firſt, the great ſpic'd Cake to go in, Cake-bread faſhion, drawn out with Currans, the Jealious Formety muſt put on his yellow hoſe agen, and hot Pies come mincing after, the boyl'd Mutton muſt ſwim in a River of ſtew'h broth, where the channel's made of Prunes. Inſtead of peables, and prime reaſons, and Currans in the ſtead of checker ſtones and gravel, to omit Geeſe and Guls, Ducks and Dotterels Widgins and Woodcocks, of which there will be plenty. At our wedding dinner we ſhall have the Bride in her tiffety taffeties moſt ſumptuous, and the Bridegroom as ſwel in brancht Sattin as brancht Roſemary moſt couragious. Ile in and ſee them in all their beauty, and give them the Joy, the boon Jour, the *Beſilus Manus*, or to be more vulgar to the Incpaable, the God give you good morrow.

Phil. Good morrow fellow ſimkin.

Clow. 'Tis he, no, no, 'tis not he.

Suſan.

Suſ. Good ſimkin.

Clow. Her face, the trick of her eye, her leer, her blink, her askue, but to ſay it is ſhe, *Proh deum atque hominum fidem.*

Phil. Art thou amazed to ſee me thus transformed, or her thus alterd, none but ſuch a Father, ſuch a remorſeleſs and hard hearted Father, could ſo tranſlated his children.

Clown. Oh Mr. *Philip*, I ſee your Father is no Scholer, but a meer Dunce, I proteſt I never red a more vilde tranſlation.

Suſ. Nor ſee ſo ſuddain and unmeet a change.

Clow. O young Miſtris, *Ovids* Metamorphoſis could never ſhow the the like; but how comes this to paſſe, the manner, the manner, my heart begins to condole, and my conduit pipes to open, we ſhall have a ſhowre preſently; the manner?

Phil. This morning having married my betrothed, for could I leſs do having vowed ſo much? I came to him and moſt ſubmiſſively entreated pardon for my ſelf and her.

Clow. Kind young man — hold good heart.

Phil: He preſently reviles us, then renounc'd us, nor would he give us, ſhould he ſee us ſtarve and famiſh at his gate, no not a cruſt of his hindes bread, or of his ſmalleſt beer not a bare crusful ſhould we dye for thirſt. *Clow:* 'Twil out, 'twil out, but now for the apparel.

Suſ: When he renoune'd us for his children, we had no meanes reſerved unleſs with baſeneſs to beg our victuals, were reſolved to work, ſo he at our entreaty hired us both to be his hindes and drudges.

Clow: Your apron good Miſtris, and ſo and ſo, you were ſtript out of your ſilks and ſattens, and forc'd to put on theſe ruſſets and ſheepskins.

Phil: Even ſo.

Clow: O moſt tyrannical old Fornicator (old Maſter *I* would ſay) Well ſince 'tis ſo, no more young Maſter, but fellow ſervant; no more Maſter *Philip* but *Phil*; here's my hand Ile do two mens la bours in one to ſave you a labour, and to ſpare your ſhoulders Ile help at many a dead lift: Come Ile go teach ye hayte and ree, gee and whoe, and which is to which hand; next Ile learn you the name of all our Teeme, and acquaint you with Jocke the fore-horſe, and Fibb the fil-horſe, and with all the godamercy fraternity.

Suſ: Succeed it as heaven pleaſe.

Phil. What muſt be, muſt be, heaven hath ſet it down,
At which they ſmile, why ſhould we mortals frown?

Clow: To ſee ſo brave a Gentleman turn Clown.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Goodwin *and* Foſter.

Foſt. Are we not ſomwhat too early think you ?

Goodw. It appears ſo, for neither challenger nor defendant are yet in field.

Foſt: Which way doe you think the day will goe? or whether of them do you hold to be the better man?

Goodw: That I am not able to judge, but if the opinion of the world hold currant, he that kild one brother, is thought will be the death of the other, but theſe things are beyond us: lye cloſe for being ſeen.

Enter Rainsforth *and* Forreſt *the younger.*

Rainſ. Your reſolution holds then ?

young For: Men that are eaſily moved, are ſoon removed from reſolution, but when with advice and with foreſight we purpoſe, our intents are not without conſiderate reaſons altered.

Rainſ: Thou art reſolved, and I prepared for thee, yet thus much know, thy ſtate is deſperate, and thou art now in dangers throat already even half devoured; if I ſubdue thee, know thou art a dead man; for this fatal ſteel that ſearcht thy brothers entrails is prepared to doe as much to thee; if thou ſurviveſt, and I be ſlain, th'art dead too, my alliance and greatneſs in the world will not endure my ſlaughter unrevenged. Come, I am for thee.

young For: I would my brother liv'd that this our difference might end in an embrace of folded love; but 'twas heavens will that for ſome guilt of his he ſhould be ſcourged by thee, and for that guilt in ſcourging him thou by my vengeance puniſht, come I am both waies armed againſt thy ſteel, if I be pierc'd by it, or againſt thy greatneſs mine pierce thee.

Rainſ. Have at thee. [*Fight and pauſe.*

For: I will not bid thee hold, but if thy breath be as much ſhort as mine look to thy weakneſs.

Rainſ. The breath thou drawſt but weakly, thou now ſhalt draw no more. [*Fight*, Forreſt *looſeth his weapon.*

For. That heaven knows, he guard my body that my ſpirit ows.

[*He guards himſelf, and puts by with his hat, ſlips, the other running fals over him. and* Forreſt *kils him.*

Goodw. My Coſens ſlain, perſue the murderer.

Foſt. But not too near I pray, you ſee he's armed, and in this deep amazement may commit ſome deſperate outrage.

For. Had I but known the terrour of this deed, I would have left it done imperfectly, rather then in this guilt of conſcience laboured ſo far,

but I forget my ſafety, the Gentleman is dead, my deſperate life, will be overſway'd by his Allies and friends, and I have now no ſafety but by flight.

And ſee where my purſuers come, away,
Certain deſtruction hovers o'r my ſtay. *Exit.*

Goodw. Come follow, ſee he takes towards the City, you bear the body of my Coſen hence unto the neighbour village: Ile ſtill keep
Within the murderers ſight, raiſe Hue and cry,
He ſhall not ſcape our purſuit though he fly. *Exeunt.*

Enter William *and* Philip.

Will: now will truſſe me that point *Phil*, I could find in my heart to beg thee of my Father to wait upon me, but that I am afraid he cannot ſpare thee from the plough: beſides I heard him ſay but the laſt day, thou waſt more fit to make a hind then a ſerving man.

Phil: Sir, you were once my brother.

Wil: True, but that was when you were a ſon to my father.

Phil: I and my younger brother, I had then priority of birth.

Wil: But now it ſeems we have got the ſtart of you, for being but a ſervant you are taken a button-hole lower.

Phil: When wil this tedious night give place to day?

Wil: I hope I may command.

Phil. I muſt obey. *Enter* Joh. & Suſ.

Joh: My ſtring *Sue*, are theſe ſhooes well mundified, down a your maribones good *Sue*, I hope you are not ſo ſtraight lac'd but you can ſtoop: you acknowledg me one of your young Maſters, if not, 'tis not unknown to you that I know the way to my father.

Suſ: Yes Sir, and can tell tales, I know you can, and *I* have felt the ſmart on't.

Joh: Whip me if you ſhall not if you begin once to grow ſtubborn: why when?

Suſ. As humble as your feet. *Enter Mrs.* Anne.

Anne: Why how now naid is this work fitting you? and you Sir, you are lookt for in the ſtable, and ſhould not loyter here, will you be gone? *Phil.* I am for any ſervice. *Exit.*

Suſ. And I too. *Exit.*

Anne: We ſhall find other things for you to doe.

Wil: If you cannot here be they that can, a drudge, a groom, Ile ſend him of my errand.

Joh: And if I do not find work for her, Ile doe nothing but take To-

bacco

bacco in every room, becauſe twice a day Ile make her make clean houſe the. *Exeunt.*

Anne: Theſe think becauſe I am their Stepmother, their chiefeſt torture is moſt my content, when I proteſt, to ſee them thus afflicted it grates my very heart-ſtrings every hour: For though before their Fathers rathleſs eye, and their remorſleſs brothers, I ſeem ſtern, yet privately they taſte of my beſt bounty,
And other of my ſervants are by me
Hired to overcome their chiefeſt drudgery.

Within. Follow, follow, follow. [*Ent. young* For. *with his weapon drawn*

young For. I am purſued, and there is no place of refuge left to my deſperate life, but here's a woman, oh if ſhe harbour ſoft effeminate pitty ſhe may redeem me from a ſhameful death.

Anne: A man thus arm'd to leap my garden wall; help, help.

young For: As you are fair, and ſhould be pittifull, a woman therefore to be moved; a Chriſtian, and therefore one that ſhould be charitable, pitty a poor diſtreſſed Gentleman, who gives his deſperate fortune, life and freedom into your hand.

Anne: What are you Sir, that with your weapon drawn affright me thus? *young For*. If you protect my life, fair creature, I am a free Gentleman, but if betray me, then a poor man doomed unto a ſhameful death.

Anne: What's your offence that ſuch ſuſpitious fear, and timerous doubts waits on your guilty ſteps?

young For: I have kild a man, but fairly as I am a Gentleman, without all baſe advantage in even tryal of both our deſperate fortunes.

Anne: Fairly? *young For*: And though I ſay it, valiantly.

Anne: And hand to hand? *young For*. In ſingle oppoſition.

Anne: In a good quarrel? *young For*. Elſe let the hope I have in you of ſafety turn to my baſe confuſion. Gentle creature I cannot now ſtand to expoſtulate; for hark the breath of my purſuers blow a fearful air upon my flying heel, and I am almoſt in their fatal gripe. Say will you ſave me? { *A cry within follow*, &c.

Anne: I will, then climb into that hovel.

young For. Oh any where. *Anne*: Nay quickly then.

young For: Your hand fair Lady.

Anne: Away, leave me to anſwer for you.

Enter old Harding, Goodwin, Foſter, *and Officers*.

old Hard: Over my garden wall, is't poſſible?

Goodw: Over this wall I ſee him leap it lightly.

old Hard. That ſhall we quickly know, ſee here's my wife, ſhe can inform us beſt.

Foſt. Saw you not Miſtris *Harding*, a young man mount o'r this garden wall with his ſword drawn?

Anne: My eyes were ſtedfaſt on my work in hand, and truſt me I ſaw none. *old Hard*: Perhaps he took down to the neighbour village, and when he ſaw my wife, altered his courſe.

Anne: 'Tis very like ſo, for I heard a buſtling about that hedge, beſides a ſudden noiſe of ſome that ſwiftly ran towards your fields, make haſte, 'twas now, he cannot be far off.

old Hard: Gentlemen, take my word, I am high Conſtable; it is part of my office, Ile be no ſhelter for any man that ſhall offend the Law: if we ſurpriſe him, I will ſend him bound to the next Juſtice, follow you your ſearch.

Good. Farewel good Mr. *Harding*.

Foſt. Your word's ſufficient without further Warrant,
Continue our purſuit, all ways are layd
And ere he reach the City, ſhall be ſtayd. *Exit. Good. & Foſt.*

old Hard. Adew good friends. *Anne.* Pray what's the buſineſs Sir?

old Hard. Two Gentlemen, went into the fields to fight,
And one hath ſlain another. *Anne.* On what quarrel?

old Hard. I had ſmal leiſure to importune that, onely this much I learnt, the man that's dead was great in fault, and he that now ſurvives, ſubject unto the danger of this ſearch, bare himſelf fairly, and his fortune being to kill a man Ally'd to Noble men, and greatly friended: is much pittyed. But Law muſt have his courſe. *Anne.* If this be true.
I thank my fate, and bleſs this happy hour
To ſave a life within Laws griping power.

old Hard. Come then the mornings bleak, and ſharp the Ayr
Into the fire my girle, there's wholeſome heat:
Ile in and ſee my ſervants ſet at meat.

Anne. Sir, ile but end this flower and follow you, I this ſhould be ſome bloody murderer, great were my guilt to ſhrowd him from the Law; but if a gentleman by fortune croſt, 'tis pitty one ſo vallient and ſo young ſhould be given up into his enemies hands, whilſt greatneſs may perhaps weigh down his cauſe and ballance him to death, who thus eſcaping may when he hath, by means obtain his peace, Redeem his deſperate fortunes, and make good th' forfeit made unto th' offended Law prove as Heaven ſhall direct, Ile do my beſt,
'Tis charity to ſuccor the diſtreſt. *Ent. Forreſt above. young.*

young For. Fair Miſtreſs, are they gon, may I deſcend?

Anne. No ſafety lives abroad, then pray forbear.
To ſpeak of ſcaping hence, *young For.* Oh but I fear

Anne. My life for yours.

young For. However poor I fare
May you of this your charitable care
Taſt happy fruit. *Anne.* You did not kill him foully.

young For. No I proteſt. *Anne.* Nor willingly.

young For. I willingly fought with him, but unwillingly
Did I become his death's man. *Anne.* Could you now wiſh him alive agen. *young For.* With his hands looſe, and yet he ſlew my brother. *Anne.* Heaven hath ſent this gentleman becauſe hee's penitent, to me for ſuccor, therefore till the violence of all his ſearch be paſt, Ile ſhrowd him here, and bring you meat and wine to comfort you, free I proteſt from all unchaſt pretence, till by ſome means I may conveigh you hence.

young For. The life you ſaw if I oreeome this plunge ſhall be for ever yours, all my endeavours to your devoted ſervice I will ſtore, and carefully hoard up.

Anne: Sir, now no more. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Philip *and Clown.*

Clow: COme good fellow *Phil,* what nothing but mourning and mowing, thy melancholy makes our teems to vaile their foretops, and all our Jades creſt faln, and to ſee thee wail in woe in the deep cart roots up to the bellies plunge in pain: my Miſtris *Suſan* ſhee's in the ſame pittiful pickle too.

Phil. Oh if this hand could execute for her all that my cruel father hath impoſed, my toyl would ſeem a pleaſure, labour eaſe.

Clow. Eaſe, what's that? there's little to be found in our houſe, now we have looſed the plough in the fields, they'l find work enough about home to keep us from the ſcurvey. Your hat *Phil,* ſee here comes our Miſtris.

Enter Mrs. Anne *with Bread and a Bottle.*

Anne: The place is clear, none ſees me, now's the time to bear my ſorrowful charge bread, meat, and wine: theſe ſix daies I have kept him undiſcovered, neither my husbands, nor my ſervants eyes have any way diſcovered him. How now fellows, whither ſo faſt this way?

Clow: Nay we do not uſe to go too faſt for falling: our buſineſſe at this preſent is about a little houſhold ſervice.

Anne:

Anne What buſineſſe have you this way ?

Clow, We are going, as they ſay, to remove, or according to the vulgar, to make clean, where Chanticleer and Damepartlet the henne have had ſome doings.

Anne What doeſt thou mean by that ?

Phil. By my Maſters appoyntment, I muſt not ſay my Fathers, he hath commanded us firſt to make clean this hen-rooſt, and after to remove the hay out of that hay-loft.

Anne Oh me, I fear the Gentleman's betray'd, what ſhift ſhall I deviſe.

Clow. By your leave Miſtreſs, pray let's come by you.

Anne. Wel double dilegence your labour's ſaved, 'tis done already, go and take your pleaſure. Son *Philip*, when I hear my Husband ſpeak of ſuch a baſe employment, I ſtreight hired a labourer to prevent it, and 'tis done.

Phil. You are kinder Mother then my Father cruel, and ſave me many a toyle and teadious travail impoſed on me by your husband.

Anne O'r this place, Ile bear a jealous and a watchful eye to prevent this diſcovery ; and wil you be gone ?

Clow. Yes ſweet Miſtreſs, if you would but give a wink, a word to the dayry maid for a meſs of cream betwixt my fellow *Philip* and I, It's good to be doing ſomething, for you know my Maſter does not love we ſhould be idle.

Anne Wel Sir, perhaps I ſhal remember you.

Clow. Come *Phil* let's be gone, and if you chance to bluſh at what my Miſtreſs hath promis'd, Ile tel you who caſt milk in your face.

Exeunt.

Anne Shal I compare his preſent miſery with the misfortunes of this Gentleman, which might *I* reckon greater, but leave them ; *Enter Suſan with ſomething in her Apron*

And to my charge we all muſt yeild to fate
He caſts us down that beſt can raiſe our ſtate.

Suſ. Oh through what greater plunges can I paſs then I have done already ; A fathers penury, the good old man dejected and caſt down, my Husband even ſwept from the family where he was born, quite forſook by him, by whom he ſhould be foſtered, made a ſervant
Amongſt his ſervants, and his brothers ſcorn,
Theſe miſchiefs make me wiſh my ſelf unborn.

Anne. Agen prevented.

Suſ How hath this meditation drawn my thoughts from my intended buſineſs

buſineſs I forgot what I was ſent about? my Maſter bade me ſcatter this Wheat and Barley 'mongſt the hens, and I will ſoon diſpatch it.

An. What makes thee ſo neer the place that I ſo ſtrictly guard, what buſineſs have you there?

Suſ. Forſooth my Maſter bade me go ſerve the poultry.

Anne Come you ſhall not, for this time Ile doe't for you.

Suſ. Mother and Miſtreſs too, 'tis courteſie in you to profer it, but ſhould I ſuffer, you might hold it juſtly in me ſmall manners.

Anne I ſay it ſhall be ſo.

Suſ. Shall any ſervant ſtand ſtil and ſee her Miſtreſſe do her work? pray pardon me, I ſhould condemn my ſelf beyond imagination: ſhal I ſtand idely and ſee the work done by your hand?

Anne I ſay I will.

Suſ. My words dare not ſay nay,
But my more forward action brooks no ſtay.

Anne Then doubtleſſe hee's betray'd.

Suſ. Oh me what's here? why here's one that's come to ſteale your hens, a thief who'l filch your poultry.

Anne 'Tis not ſo.

Suſ. Shall I cry thieves aloud [*Forreſt leaps down.*]

Anne For Heavens ſake no.

young Forr. Betray then hapleſs Forreſt, once more I lie
Ordayn'd for pity, or prepar'd to die.
What none but women and betray me? then
I ſee your hearts are flintier far then men.

Anne Think not that Ile betray you, nor ſhall ſhe, if ſhe reſpect my love or her own life.

Suſ. Betray my brother? it ſhall nere be ſaid *I* ſtopt his flight when he had means to ſcape.

young Forr. Oh fortune beyond hope amaz'd I ſtand
To ſee my life laid in my ſiſters hand.

Suſ. Dear brother. *young Forr.* My ſweet ſiſter.

Anne A ſtrange greeting,
And 'twixt two hapleſs creatures happy meeting.

young Forr. What change hath brought you to this downcaſt ſtate?

Suſ. Nay what miſhap hath ruinated you?

Anne You both forget your dangers, then leave off theſe paſſive fits, and ſtudy for the ſafety of this diſtreſſed Gentleman your brother, now in the ratheleſs mercy of the Law.

young Forr. Sifter you have heard my fortunes.

Suſ.

Suſ. With ſad cheer, little ſurmiſing you had layed ſo neer, deare. Mother let us crave your farther aſſiſtance in furthering his eſcape.

Anne I am all yours.

young Forr. My ſafety lies in ſuddain expedition, debar me I am dead.

Anne I ha' a brother lives at *Graveſend* an Owner and a Merchant, and could we but convey you ſafe to him; he ſoon would ſhip you over into *France*.

young Forr. All ways are loud, and hue and cry ſent forth through every hundred, how ſhall I reach thither without diſcovery?

Suſ. Here ſtands an empty trunk in the next room, which ſhould be ſent by water to *Graveſend* to your brother, what if we ſhould lock him faſt in that?

Anne I like it wel, but whom ſhal we employ to bear it ſafe?

Suſ. Give it my husband and your man in charge, they two wil ſee it carefully delivered.

Anne By them Ile write unto him earneſtly in your behalfe, and doubt not of your uſage.

young Forr. The trunck, the trunk, Oh quickly, if you love me.

Anne Come Ile to write.

Suſ. Ile finde thoſe that ſhal bear it.

young Forr. The plot is likely, but heaven knows I fear it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Harding, John, and William.

old Hard. Now boys no queſtion but you think it long to have my ſtate made over to your uſe.

John Oh Lord Sir.

old Hard. To have your eldeſt brother quite diſabled of any challenge or inheritance.

Will. We think it not long Sir, but if you ſhould uſe all expedition poſſible, I ſhould ſay beſhrew their hearts that would hinder it, we do not wiſh our brother diſinherited, but if it be your pleaſure, Heaven forbid that we being your ſonnes ſhould any way contradict it.

John We ſhould not ſhew our ſelves obedient ſons to perſwad you to infringe your former vow; For, Father if you remember you ſwore long ſince to do it; And heaven forbid you ſhould break your oath.

Old Hard. Boyes of mine own free ſpirit, mine one heart, and will you ſee him pine, beg, ſtarve, nay periſh ere you will once relieve him.

Will. 'Tis be your will, wee'le ſwear to do it.

Old Hard. And though the beggars brat, his Wife I mean, ſhould for the want of lodging ſleep on ſtalls or lodg in ſtocks or cages, would your charities take her to better harbor?

John

John Unleſſe too cold harbor where of twenty chimneys ſtanding, you ſhal ſcarce in a whole winter ſee two ſmoaking; we harbor her? Bridewel ſhal firſt.

Old Hard. Lads of my own condition, my own humour, cal me a Scrivner, reach me pen and ink Ile doe't imediately.

Will. Run for a Scrivener *Jack.*

John. Mean time poſt thou for Pen and Inck. } *Enter Mr.* Anne *meeting them.*

Anne Stay no ſuch hatte, ſweet husband there be fitter times then theſe made choice for ſuch affairs, there's no enforcement to make your Will, being in ſuch perfect health; pray if you love me do not talke of death, nor to your ſafety give ſuch ill preſage, beſides this expedition in your ſons, ſhews that they covet more your Lands then life; defer't then ſomewhat longer for my ſake.

Old Hard. Then for thy ſake I will, but my kinde boys 'tis rather to ſooth her, then your leaſt wrong, I will delay a little though not long.

Will. It hath been long a doing, I would it were once done, if he ſhould peak over the pearch now, and all fall to our elder Brother, we have uſed him ſo doggedly, the leaſt he can do is to thruſt us out of doors by head and ſhoulders.

John. Let him alone now, wee'l urge him too't at more convenient leiſure.

Old Hard. When heard you from your brother at *Graveſend*, or how falls out his voyage, can you tell.

Anne I had a letter from him two days ſince, in which he writes me all his goods are Shipt, his wares in hold well ſtowed, and nothing wants ſave a fair gale to bring him to the Straits.

Old Hard. Heaven make his voyage proſperous, for thou knoweſt I have a venture of five hundred pound enterred with him, my fortune joyns with his; If he ſucceed it falls out well with me, if not, I am likely to impart his loſſe.

Enter Old Mr. Forreſt.

Old Forr. You are well found Sir.

Old Hard I what art thou fellow.

Old Forr. You knew me in my pride and flouriſhing ſtate, have you forgot me now, as I remember we two were bred together, Schoole fellows, boorded together in one Maſters houſe, both of one forme and like degree in School.

Old Hard. Oh thy name's *Forreſt.*

Old Forr. Then in thoſe days your Father Mr. *Harding* was a good

honeſt Farmer, Tennant too unto my Father. All the wealth he purchaſt, far be upbraiding from me, came from us as your firſt raiſer; and you called me then your Landlord and young Maſter: then was then, but now the courſe of fortunes wheele is turned; you climbed, we fell, and that inconſtant fate that hurled us down, hath lift you where we ſate.

Old Hard. Well, we are Lord of all thoſe Mannors now, you then poſſeſt. Have we not bought them deerly? Are they not ours?

Old Forr. I no way can deny't, I rather come as a poor ſuitor to you, ro entreat you for heavens ſake and charities, to pity my loſt daughter, your caſt ſonne. Sir, I in all had but three Children left me, Crutches to bear up my penurious age; one of theſe three was butchered cruelly, his body piteouſly, alaſs pierc't through. Then had I but two left, my eldeſt Son, and hee's or dead, or fled to ſave his life; If he ſtill live, I have waſted, ſold and ſpent even all that little that my fortunes left; and now *I* have but one, one onely daughter, and her I am not able to relieve with ought ſave tears and pity, to theſe helps oh lend your fair aſſiſtance; ſhee's yours as well as mine.

Old Hard. All my part I diſclaim, both in my ſon and her; they croſt my pleaſure, and they ſhall taſt the ſmart, I was derided,
They that love me, ſhal by my wil be guided.

Will. And that am I. *John.* And *I* too Father.

Anne Baſe Paraſites.

Old Hard. You even pleaſed me wel,
And you ſhal mount the height from which they fel.

Enter Philip *and* Suſan.

Old Forr. See, ſee, alaſs, thoſe that ſeven Somers ſince ſaw thy eſtate and look upon thee now, would at leſt pity, if not help thy wants; how happy was thy Mother and my Wife, that ſlept their laſt ſleep long before theſe ſorrows take their birth.

Suſ. Dear Father ſuccour us, help to redeem us from this cruel man that thus inſults upon our miſeries.

Old Forr. Fair daughter adde not to my tedious woes, thou bidſt a blind man guide thee on thy way, and taketh a broken ſtaffe to be thy ſtay.

Phil. Good Sir releaſe us.

Old For. It muſt be then with tears, for other help I have none, and they heaven knows can little eaſe, but never help your woes. Sir, if your heart be not of Adamant, or ſome hard mettal that's impenitrable, pity your blood and mine, ſo ſoon grown deaf. Kinde Gentlemen

men, ſpeak to your wrathleſs Father, ſhew your ſelves brothers, do you turn aſide. Fair Miſtreſs what ſay you, I ſee your eyes in all things with our paſſions ſympathize, and you are doubtleſſe ſprung from Gentle blood:

Gentry and baſeneſs in all ages jar,
And poverty and wealth are ſtill at war.

Old Hard. Thou groweſt too tedious, prithee friend be gone.

Old For. I hope you do not ſcorn me.

Old Hard. The truth is, I feign would have thee leave me.

Old Forr. 'Tis no diſparagement unto your birth, that you converſe with me, if I miſtake not, ſure, ſure I am as wel born.

Old Hard. And yet ſure, ſure, 'tis ten to one I ſhall be better buried.

Old For. I am as honeſt.

Old Hard. Nay there you are a ground.
I am honeſter by twenty thouſand pound.

Old For. Are all ſuch honeſt then that riches have.

Old Hard. Yes rich and good, a poor man and a knave.
Away about thy buſineſs, loyter not about my gates, *I* ſhal compel thee elſe, for thy requeſt my will is peremptory, thy ſoftneſs makes me much more violent, whom thou the more commiſſerateſt *I* contemn, they are in my deepeſt hate: Wife, Sons, let's go.

Old For. With eyes in tears ſunk, heart circumvolved in woe.

Suſ. What ſhal we now do?

Phil What? but endure the worſt, when comfort's baniſh'd, welcome all extreams, yet *I* have ſent my fellow, or my man to prove ſome friends to help to ſtock a Farm, *I* have not yet their anſwer, 'tis the laſt of all our hopes, that failing we have run our lateſt courſe, outcaſt, end quite undone. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Merchant reading a Letter, and after him young Mr. Forreſt.

Merch. My Siſter writes how your occaſions ſtand, and how you are to uſe my ſecreſie in a ſtrange buſineſs that concerns your life. She hath left nothing unremembred here, or ſlightly urged to make me provident and careful of your ſafety: gentle Sir, though I am a ſtranger to your fortunes, yet for her ſake whoſe love I tender deerly, I am all yours, my houſe to entertain you, my purſe to furniſh you in any courſe, my Ship if you'l to Sea, is at your ſervice, make choice in which of theſe, in all, or any you will employ my faithful induſtry.

Young Forr. Oh Sir your unexpected courteſie to a poor ſtranger, challenges the name of brother to the kindeſt Gentlewoman that ever breathed this air, you cannot chuſe but be of one ſtrain that ſuch kind-

neſs uſe; you bade me to make choice of all your favours, my poverty and my neceſſity do both of them in my extreams concerve to make me think the meaneſt of any meanes that can unplunge me from this gulf of trouble, to be much better then I can deſerve, to be much greater then I dare deſire, being too poor to merit, too dejected to aim at any hopes.

Merch. You wrong your worth, you have deſert ſufficient, that ſhe writes in your behalf, and I commend her for't, me thinks I ſee ſuch honeſt parts in you, that upon weaker urgence then theſe lines, I would build much affection. on theſe gifts that I ſee nature hath endowed you with; Indeed I flatter not, none flatter thoſe they do not mean to gain by, 'tis the guiſe of ſiccophants, ſuch great men to adore by whom they mean to riſe diſdain the poor; my object is much otherwiſe intended, I fain would loſe by him whom I commended.

Young Forr. If ever this my weak ability grow ſtrong agen, I will employ it ſolely to ſhun the baſe ſin of ingratitude towards you and your fair ſiſter.

Merch. Will you uſe me?

Young Forr. But what ſhall I return you in exchange of thoſe great favours.

Merch. Come your love, your love, 'tis more then all I can attempt for you amounts unto, pray let me know the moſt of my employment.

Young Forr. Then will you but provide me a ſafe waftage over to *France*, to *Flanders*, or to *Spain* or any forraign coaſt; I dare not truſt my native country with my forfeit life. Sir, this is all I would entreat of you.

Merch. Y'are modeſt in your ſuit, the more you uſe me, the more I think you love me, therefore this night ile get you waftage ore for *France*, ſuch Sea apparrel as I uſe my ſelf, you ſhall accept part, here's ten pounds in gold, and whereſoever you ſhall live hereafter, pray let me once a year receive from you ſome brief or noat, Ile not return your love idle, or empty handed.

Young Forr. My life's yours, and leſſer ſatisfaction then my life is much too little.

Merch. Much too much, no more, no more I do entreat you, I am now upon a voyage to the Straits my ſelfe, but 'twill be two days hence.

Young For. Heaven be your guide, as I find you, ſo find friends in your need, bluſhing I run into your conntleſs detbts, more ſums of love then all my hord can pay, but if theſe black adventures I ſurvive,
Even till this mortal body lie ingrav'd,

You

You ſhall be Lord of that which you have ſav'd
Merch. Onely your love, come wee'l provide this night
For you ſafe waftage, and your ſecret flight. *Exeunt*

Act. 3. Scen. 4.

Enter Clown, Foſter, Goodwin, *and a Gentleman.*

Foſt. Speak with us, why what's the buſineſſe?

Clow. Nay, that's more then I can reſolve you upon the ſuddain, it may be there's ſome great fortune fallen to him of late, and he would impart the benefit to you.

Goodw. Nay then let's go, where ſhall we find him?

Clow. A word to the wiſe, it may be that hee's in ſome monſtrous extream neceſſity, and would gladly borrow ſome money of you, or ſo.

Goodw. I, ſaidſt thou ſo? now I remember me, I needs muſt home, I have ſome buſineſs, Ile ſee him at ſome other time.

Clow. Nay but one word more.

Foſt. We cannot ſtay now.

Gent. Nor I, a great occaſion calls me hence.

Clow. Nay then *I* ſee you are apt to take a man at the worſt ſtill, if you knew what little need he hath to borrow, borrow quoth he, a good jeſt, you know he and *I*, my fellow *Phil* and *I* 'mongſt other works that my Maſter uſes to put us to, we uſe to dig and delve; now if we have found a pot a money, and would truſt you with the laying of it out, why ſo?

Foſt. How?

Clow. Marry even ſo, you know his Father is ſuch a dogged old Cormudgeon, he dares not for his ears acquaint him with.

Gent. Prithee go on.

Clow. 'Twere kindneſs in him to chuſe you out of all the friends he hath in the world to impart this benefit to, were't not? and ſay true.

Gent. Troth he was always a kind honeſt youth, and would it lay in me to pleaſure him.

Goodw. Introth or me, he ſhould command my purſe and credit both.

Foſt. Where might we ſpeak with him;

Clow. Hard by Sir, hard by, but ſtay Gentlemen, ſuppoſe there is no ſuch matter as finding of money, but what we miſt in digging to ſupply his preſent neceſſities he hopes to find from you, *I* promiſe you *I* partly doobt ſuch a matter.

Foſt. How *I* forgot my ſelfe, *I* needs muſt home.

Goodw. Troth nor can *I* ſtay.

Gent. In ſooth nor *I*. *Ent.* Philip *meeting them.*

Phil

Phil. Gentlemen whither ſo faſt, *I* ſent to ſpeak with you.

Clow. *I* can aſſure you Sir, they are better to ſpeak withall then to borrow money of, one word or two with you my friends (by your leave Maſter) Gentlemen *I* love you well, and that you may know *I* love you, *I* would ma e bold to reveal a ſecret to you, my young Maſter here, though you ſee him in theſe homely Accoutraments, ſimple as you ſtand here, he has more to take to then *I*le ſpeak of, he might, *I* marry might he, he might go brave and ſhine in pearle and gold; he hath now in his inſtant poſſeſſion a thouſand pound thick.

Foſt. A thouſand pounds?

Clow. Nay old lads, he hath learnt his 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5. And never coſt him ten ſhillings.

Goodw. Five thouſand pound?

Clow. You know where you hear it, Mum, here's your tale and your tales Man.

Gent. Good, good, proceed.

Clow. Now lift up your large ears and liſten; to whom ſhould he reveal all this wealth, but to ſome friend? and how ſhould he know a friend but by trying of him; and how ſhould he try a friend but by troubling of him? and how ſhould he trouble a friend but by borrowing money of him? now Gentlemen it may be at firſt hee'l make his caſe poor and pitiful to you.

Foſt. Onely to try us.

Clow. Onely to try you, have you no brains? do you think we have need of money? has any of you occaſion to uſe a hundred pound? need of money, as *I* ſaid afore, ſo *I* ſay agen, onely to try you, he has done the like to four or five that *I* know; now becauſe they would not pity his ſuppoſed poverty, he would not acquaint them with this infinite maſs of wealth; you have wits, brains, apprehenſion, if he makes his caſe known to you lay it on, if *I* ſaid lay it on, lay it on, you are not every body, if *I* had not ſeen ſome ſparks in you, you had not been the men, lay it on.

Foſt. Enough, enough, *I* underſtand thee fully, kind Maſter *Philip* will you uſe my aid in my fair employment.

Goodw. Sir or mine. *Gent.* Or mine.

Phil. Worthy friends, even one as all freely to ſpeak, as you are Gentlemen, and *I* from my childhood have proteſted love, as you are Chriſtians; therefore to the poor, ſuch as *I* am, ſhould be moſt charitable, help with your plenty to releeve my wants, you know my labor, and have ſeen my need, then take ſome pity of my poor eſtate, and help to

ran-

ranſome me from ſlavery, by lending me ſome money.

Clow. Did I not tell you ſo? Lay it on.

Foſt Sir you ſhall have a hundred pound of me.

Goodw. What need you uſe him and my ſelfe ſo neer.

Gent. Trouble not them Sir, you ſhall hate of me:

Clow. Take't Maſter, take't all.

Phil. Oh Heavens! where ſlept this friendſhip all this while? who ſaid that charity was fled to heaven, and had no known abiding here on earth; ſee theſe that know me diſinherited, and to have no means to ſupply my wants, ſtrive who ſhould moſt engage his purſe and credit to one ſo much oppreſt with poverty.

Clow. Alas ſir, you ſee their kindneſs, I told you how ſtrange he would make it; Lay it on.

Foſt. Pray Sir accept my kindneſſe,

Gent. Goodw. Pray take mine.

Clow. Pray Maſter take their courteſies.

Phil. Ile uſe them all, and onely borrow twenty pounds a peece to ſtock a poor farm for my wife and me, ſome threeſcore pounds will do't.

Clow. Now, now, lay it on.

Gent. Take it all of me.

Goodw. Why all of you Sir, is not mine as ready?

Foſt. When one can do't, what need you trouble three? but for the thouſand pound Sir, do not think but you may truſt me with the whole employment of all ſuch moneys, and never trouble theſe.

Phil. What thouſand pound?

Goodw. Though it be ſix thouſand I durſt be ſteward of ſo great a ſum.

Clow. Why Maſter Fellow *Phil*?

Phil. Do you mock me Gentlemen, my wealth amounts not to a thouſand ſtraws.

Clow. I told you he would make it ſtrange; lay it on.

Foſt. Make not your wealth ſo dainty, for we know you have at leaſt ſix thouſand pound in banck, you may impart it unto us your friends.

Phil. Who hath deluded you, derided me, and make a mockery of my poor eſtate, now I proteſt I have not in the world more riches then theſe garments on my back.

Goodw, If poſſible, why here's my tale and my tales man.

Clow. No Sir you are deceiv'd, here is your tale and you your ſelfe are your tales man, for you carry it about you; the truth is Gentlemen

that

that we have betwixt us both no more croſſes then you ſee.

Phil. Onely the late hope of thoſe ſixty pounds promis'd by you unurged and uncompelled may raiſe my ruined fortunes.

Gent. Will you disburſt it all that were ſo forward?

Foſt. I have no money, do it you for me.

Goodw. It is but one mans labour do't your ſelf, if you have none I have leſs, God be with you, one ſtaies for me at home.

Gent. Nay take me with you Sir:

Phil. Why Gentlemen will you revault your words.

Foſt. I have no money.

Phil. But now you ſtrived which man ſhould lend me moſt.

Foſt. But then we reckoned Sir without our hoſt,
Then we ſuppoſed you rich, but being grown poor,
I have made a fooliſh vow to lend no more. *Exit.*

Gent. I have made the like, you know your father threatens
To diſinherit you, and ſhould we lend,
You being poor, ſhould of our purſes ſpend. *Exit.*

Phil. Though I be poor, heaven may enable me.

Goodw. Heaven may do much, that's all the beggers ſaying,
Let me hourd wealth, you ſeek for wealth by praying. *Exit.*

Phil. The time may come ere long, ſo I divine
To puniſh thoſe that at their power repine. *Exit.*

Enter a Purſevant meeting the Clown.

Purſev. Whither away ſo faſt ſirrah in the Queens name, I command you ſtay,

Clow. What are you that look ſo big?

Purſev. A Purſevant.

Clow. If you be ſo purſey, can you lend's any money, I aſſure you it was the laſt buſineſs we were about; or elſe tell me the reaſon why you ſtay my paſſage.

Purſev. Sirrah I have a Proclamation to publiſh, and becauſe my ſelf am ſomwhat hoarſe, and thou haſt a large wide mouth, and a laudible voice I charge thee for the better underſtanding of the multitude to ſpeak after me word by word.

Clow. If it be nothing elſe, do but advance me and I le ſpeak high enough, come now, and teach me my new leſſon.

Purſev. Whereas two famous Rovers on the Sea.

Clow. Whereas two famous Rogues upon the Sea.

Purſev. *Purſer* and *Clinton*:

Clow. That loſt their purſes at the Clink.

Purſ. ong

Purſ. Long ſince proclaimed Pirates. *Clow:* Long ſince proclaimed ſpirats. *Purſ:* Notwithſtanding her Majeſties commiſſion. *Clow:* Notwithſtanding her Majeſties condition. *Pur:* Stil keep out. *Clow:* And will not come in. *Pur:* And have of late ſpoyled a Ship of *Exeter.* *Clow:* And have of late ſpoyled all the ſheep in the Exchequer. *Pur:* And thrown the chief Merchant over board. *Clow.* And thrown the Merchants cheeſes over-board.

Purſ: I therefore in her Majeſties name. *Clow:* I therefore in the name of her Majeſty. *Purſ:* Proclaim to him or them. *Clow:* Proclaim to them or him. *Pur:* That can bring in theſe Pirates Ships or Heads. *Clow:* That can bring in theſe Pyecruſts or Sheeps-heads. *Pur:* A thouſand pound ſterling. *Clow:* A thouſand Stares and Starlings. *Pur:* If a baniſht man his country. *Clow:* If a man he ſhall be baniſht his country. *Pur:* If a condemned man liberty. *Clow:* I a man at liberty condemned. *Pur:* Beſides her Majeſties eſpecial favour. *Clow:* Beſides her Majeſties ſpectacles and favour. *Pur:* And ſo God ſave the Queen. *Clow:* And have you done now Sir? *Pur:* I have, farewel. *Clow:* Farewel Mr. Purſevant: he hath ſo fill'd my head with proclamations.

Act. 4. Scen. 1. *Exit.*

A great Alarum and ſhot: enter Purſer *and* Clinton, *with ſtore of Mariners, bringing in the Merchant bound priſoner with others.*

Pur. NOw valiant mates you have maintained this fight with courage and with woonted hardiment: the ſpoyl of this rich ſhip we will divide in equal ſhares, and not the meaneſt of any, but by the cuſtom of the ſea may challenge according to his place, rights in the ſpoyl: thongh Out-laws, we keep laws amongſt our ſelves, elſe we could have no certain government.

Clint: A gallant prize, and bravely purchaſt too, with loſs of blood on both ſides. A ſea fight was never better managed nor exployted with more exchange of hoſtile oppoſition, we did not look for ſuch a valiant ſpirit in any Merchants breaſt; nor did we think a ſhip of ſuch ſmall burden, ſo weakly man'd, would have endur'd ſo hot and proud a fight.

Mer: Nor did I think the providence of heaven would ſo have favoured men of baſe condition, ſuch as profeſs wrong, pyracie and theft, have ſpoyled my men, and ranſackt every corner of my ſurpriſed bark; ſeiſed all my ſubſtance, and ſhared amongſt you my beſt merchandiſe; and not alone undone me, and in me all that are mine, but in overwhelming us ſhook the eſtate of all my creditors.

Pur: Whats that to us? men of our known condition muſt caſt behind

our hacks all ſuch reſpects, we left our conſciences upon the land when we began to rob upon the ſea.

Clin: We know we are Pirates, and profeſs to rob, and wouldſt not have us freely uſe our trade? If thou and thine be quite undone by us, we made by thee, impute it to thy fortune, and not to any injury in us;
For he that's born to be a beggar know
How e'r he toyls and trafficks muſt dye ſo.

Mer: If you muſt needs poſſeſs this thriving trade, yet ſince the ſeas afford ſuch choice of ſtore, you might methinks have ſpar'd your own countrymen.

Pur: Nay ſince our country have proclaim'd us pyrats, and cut us off from any claim in *England*, we'l be no longer now call'd Engliſh men.

Mer: Clinton I know thee, and have us'd thy skil, ere now in a good veſſel of my own, before thou tookeſt this deſperate courſe of life, perhaps if now thou do'ſt me a good office, time may enable me to quit thy love.

Clin: Troth I could wiſh we had light of any other, but ſince thy fate hath caſt thee upon us, we muſt neglect no opportunity; for they that intermit advantages, muſt know occaſions head is bald behind. My merry mates come top your cans apace, pile up your cheſts with prizes to the lids, and ſtuffe the vaſt hold of our empty ſhip with ſuch rich wares as this our prize affords; ſupple your biskets with ſuch choice of wines
As freely come brought by th' auſpicious winds
To unlade themſelves and ſeek for ſtowage here;
Since wine comes freely lets make ſpare of beer.

Pur. Let cans of wine paſs round in healths through all, ſuch golden prizes come not every day, nor can we alwaies meet ſuch choice of ſpoils: Firſt bind the Merchant, lay him faſt in hold, and having ſeiſed all his beſt Merchandiſe, pierce with your ordnance through his ſhips craſed keele, and ſink her down into the deep abyſs, whence not all the Cranes in *Europe* or the world can weigh her out agen. *Clin.* Let it be ſo, Leſt ſhe prove prize unto a ſecond foe.

Mer. Be't as my fate ſhall pleaſe, my loſs I value but as goods lent me, now to be paid back, but that which moſt afflicts my ſorrowful ſoul, is that my friends have ventured largely with me, eſpecially my Siſter, who I fear will brook that ill which I with patience bear.

Pur. Place him below the hatches as our priſoner, and now to part our purchaſe bravely won, even with the hazard of our deareſt lives.

Clin. The danger paſt ſtil makes the purchaſe ſweet. Come firſt drink round my merry mates, that done, devide in peace what we by war have

Exeunt *Enter*

Enter young Mr. Forreſt, *like a Captain of a ſhip, with Sailors and Mariners, entering with a flouriſh.*

young For. Gentlemen, and my merry mates at ſea, thoſe ſpecial favours you have crowned me with, can never be deſerved upon my part, ſo weak is my ability and knowledge in navigation and exploits at ſea; yet ſince your loves ſo far exceeds my worth, that of an unexperienced Gentleman you have prefered me above many other, to be your Captain, and command your Ship, I hope to bear my ſelf ſo even and upright in this my charge, that it ſhall not repent you of the leaſt honour to my grace decreed.

1. *Mar.* Our Captain being lately ſlain in fight, we by your valour ſcap'd our enemies, and made their ſhip our prize, ſince we firſt knew you all our attempts ſucceeded proſperouſly, and heaven hath better bleſt us for your ſake.

2. *Mar.* When firſt we took you to our fellowſhip, we had a poor bark of ſome fifteen tun, and that was all our riches, but ſince then we have took many a rich prize from *Spain*, and got a gallant veſſel ſtoutly man'd, and well provided of Ordnance and ſmall ſhot, men and ammunition, that we now dare coap with any Carract that do's trade for *Spain*.

young For. We dare do any thing that ſtands with juſtice, our countries honour, and the reputation of our own names; but amongſt all our ſpoils I wonder we have ſcap'd the valiant Pirats that are ſo much renowned upon the ſea, that were a conqueſt worth the hazarding, beſides a thouſand pounds reward propoſed to that adventurer that can bring them in, my peace and pardon though a man condemned, is by the proclamation ratified.

1. *Mar.* The ocean ſcarce can bear their outrages, they are ſo violent, confounding all, and ſparing none, not their own countrimen, we could not do our country greater ſervice then in their purſuit to engage our lives.

young For. I could we meet thoſe Rovers on the ſea, ſo famous for their piracies and thefts, ſo fear'd of all that trade for Merchandiſe, ſo proud of their ſtrong veſſels and ſtout ging, that man her with their proud Artillery that thunders wrack to every ſhip alike; oh with what ardour and enflamed deſire would we in the mid ſea encounter them! Climb to the main-top, boy, ſee what you kenne there.

Boy. I ſhall, I ſhall Sir.

young For. We ſeek for purchaſe, but we tak't from foes, and ſuch is held amongſt us lawful ſpoyl; but ſuch as are our friends & countrymen we ſuccour with the beſt ſupply we have of victuals or munition being diſtreſt.

Above, *Boy*. Ho there. 1. *Mar*. Ha boy. *Boy*. A ſayl.
1. *Mar*. Whence is ſhe? *Boy*. That I cannot kenne; ſhe appeares to me out of our hemiſphear no bigger then a Crow.

young For: Diſcry her better, oh that it were the deſperate Pirates Ship, on that condition we might grapple ſtraight, and try our deſperate fortunes on even change, but I that have been born to miſery can never be ſo happy; oh my fate when ſhall I paſs away this tedious night, Or when my ſtars will you burn out more bright.

Boy. Boatſwain, ho. 1. *Mar*. Whence comes thy kenne?
Boy. She makes from South to Weſt. 2. *Mar*. How bears ſhe?
Boy. To the Lee ward. *young For*. Clap on more ſails and quickly fetch her up. What colours bears her main-top?
Boy. She's not ſo near in kenne.

young For. Diſcover her more amply, now my mates prepare your ſelves, for it may be ſome prize; you Maſter Gunner load your ordnance wel, and look wel to your cartridges and fire; ſee that your gunner room be clear and free, your matches bear good coals, your priming powder pounded, not dank; next charge your Murderers for fear of boarding: Stearſman part the Helm, and bear up towards them, be they friends or foes we'l hale them if heaven pleaſe; and Maſter you heed wel your compaſs, Boatſwain with your whiſtle command the Saylors to the upper deck to know their quarters, and to hear their charge.

Boy. Captain, ho. *young For*. The news? whence is her flag?
Boy. She bears the Croſs of *England* and St. *George*.

young For: Then ſhe's a friend for *England*, and St. *George* our gallant veſſel in her main-top bears, and all our preparations needleſs then.

Boy. Arm rather, for I ſee them from a far make all proviſion for a preſent fight, they have managed their hatches, hung their pendants out, diſplay'd their Enſignes, up with all their feights, their matches in their cocks, their ſmoaking Linſtocks are likewiſe fired within their Gunners hands; and hark they ſhoot already. [*A peece goes off*.

young For: Come deſcend; the Pirat, Fortune thou art then my friend. Now valiant friends and ſouldiers man the deck, draw up your feights, and lace your drabiers on, whilſt my ſelf make good the Forecaſtle, and ply my Musket in the front of death, quarter your ſelves in order, ſome abaft, ſome in the Ships waſte, all in martial order; our Spright-ſayl, Top ſail, and Top-gallant, our Main-ſail, Boar-ſpright, and our Mizen too are hung with waving pendants, and the colours of *England* and St. *George* ply in the Stern. We fight againſt the foe we all deſire,
Alarum Trumpets, Gunner ſtraight give fire. *Exeunt*.

Alarum

Alarm. Purſer *and* Clinton *with their Mariners, all furniſht with Sea devices fitting for a fight.*

Clin. Give them a full broad-ſide; oh Mr. Gunner your upper tire of Ordnance ſhot over; you gave not one ſhot betwixt wind and water in all this skirmiſh.

Gun. Sir, you ſpeak not wel, I pierc'd them with my chaſe piece through and through; part of their Capſtring too I with a Piece abaft ſhot overboard. *Pur.* Oh 'twas a gallant ſhot, I ſaw it ſhatter ſome of their limbs in pieces: Shall we grapple, and lay their Ship aboard? where be theſe Irons to hook 'em faſt?

Clin. I fear they'r too well man'd; for ſee the Gunner ready to give fire unto their Murderers if we ſtay to board 'em: Shall we ſet ſayl and leave 'em.

Pur. How can we when our Ship has ſprung a leak? being ready now to founder in the ſea; ſome ply the Pump: oh for one lucky bullet to take their Mainmaſt off; he that can make it ſhall have a treble ſhare in this next prize.

Gun. I ſhall go near it from my lower tyre.

Clin. Gunner do that, 'tis all that we deſire. *Exeunt.*

Alarum: Enter young Forreſt *and his Mariners.*

1. *Mar.* Where is the Gunner Captain?

young For. Where he ſhould not be, at his prayers I think: Is this a time to pray, when the Seas mouth ſeems to ſpit fire, and all the billows burn. Come hand with me, and we will board the Pirates inſtantly.

1. *Mar.* Hoyſt up more ſails, and fetch 'em roundly up, and with their gallant veſſel grapple ſtraight.

young For. I ſpy the Pirats in the very prow and forehead of their Ship, both wafting us with their bright ſwords: now Steerſman take thy turn; and Boatſwain with your baſer trumpets ſound mingle your whiſtles ſhril, oh 'tis a Muſick the Maremaids love.

1. *Mar.* Who hates it thats a ſouldier?

2. *Mar.* Thy Linſtock Gunner, take thy level right,
The wind is ours to help us in the fight.

young For. It blows a ſtiffe gale, it makes all for us, every Commander once more to his charge, he that this day ſhall dye dies honourably; the Canon Baſilisks, and Ordnance ſhall tooll his funeral peale, and ſome now ſound, ſhall dye three deaths in one, ſhot, burnt, and drown'd. Come ſpare no powder till you ſee our Ship,
Whoſe hard tough ribs hewed from the heart of oak,
Now black with pitch be painted blew with ſmoak. *Exeunt.*

A great Alarum, and Flouriſh. Enter young Forreſt *and his Mates with* Purſer *and* Clinton *with their Mariners priſoners.*

young For. Firſt thankes to heaven for this great victory bought with the fearful hazard of our lives, and larg expence of blood on either part.

Pur. We now are captives that made others thrall,
Thus ebbs may flow, and higheſt tydes may fall.

Clin. The lateſt day muſt come to have his date;
Stars govern all, and none can change his fate.

young For. Such priſoners as theſe Pirats keep in hold, releaſe them ſtraight, the riches of their ſhip we 'mongſt you will divide in equal ſhares, to every mans deſart, eſtate, and place.

Pur. Fortune I ſpit defiance in thy face: Thy beſt we have taſted, an thy worſt we know, we can but pay what we to nature owe.

Enter the Merchant brought in with other Priſoners.

Mer. Surpriſed agen, whoſe priſoner am I now? I am Fortunes ball, whither am I bandied, having loſt al before, is't poſſible that I can now be made a ſecond prize? I loſt my wealth in my firſt hoſtile ſtrife,
And nothing now is left me ſave my life.

young For. Theſe priſoners we will at our further leaſure peruſe and know their fortunes and eſtates.

Mer. That captain I ſhould know, that face of his is with mine eye familiar, ſure 'tis he whoſe life I by my Sifters means preſerved, with mony and apparel furniſht him, and got him place at ſea and hath he now forgot me, what not know me, the world right, when rich we honour, being poor we ſpight: ne'r look ſo ſtrange, I do not mean to claim acquaintance of ſuch men as are ingrate: All my good deeds once done I throw behind, whoſe meed in heaven, not earth I look to find.

young For. That Merchant I have known, and now I better ſurveigh him, 'tis the man to whom I owe all that I have, my fortunes, nay my life; what reaſon have you Sir to fly me ſo, ſince unto you, and to my brothers wife, my hopes, my power, my whole eſtate is due,
From whom my means and all my fortunes grew.

Mer. Do you know me then. *young For.* Thin' you I can forget, or ſlightly cancel ſuch a countleſs debt, behold my ſhip, my conqueſt, and my prize, theſe priſoners with my full command is yours;
Yours, only yours, they at your ſervice reſt,
Alaſs dear friend how came you thus diſtreſt?

Mer: Theſe Pirates robbed me, and have ceiſed my goods with which they have ſtuft their hold; my brothers venter with mine own ſubſtance th[illegible] have made their ſpoyl.

young

young For. All which behold I re-deliver you, and to the utmoſt farthing will reſtore; beſides I make you partner in our prize, and herein am I onely fortunate to prove a grateful debtor.

Mer. Your gratitude exceeds all curteſie, both of my Siſters party and my own. *young For.* It comes much ſhort of either; oh dear Sir ſhould I forget your friendſhip ſhewed in want, and done in my extreameſt poverty, it were a ſin, of heaven unpardonable; this Pirats Ship load with your merchandiſe you ſhall ſtreight man for *England*; where arrived, commend me to the mirror of her ſex, your Siſter, in the humbleſt phraſe you can, to whom deliver, as from me, this jewel, the beſt our voyage yeelds; tel her from me, that Gentleman whoſe innocent life ſhe ſaved, hath by that token her remembrance craved, to my brother, and my Siſter this ſmall ſumme to buy their ſervice from their fathers hand, and free them from his ſlaviſh ſervitude.

Mer. I ſhall doe all your will, and thus o'rſway'd,
Needs muſt report your debts are doubly payd.

young For. Having my pardon purchaſt, and my priſoners delivered to the ſentence of the Law, my next affairs ſhall be to viſit her.

Purſ. Our caſe is otherwiſe, our next affairs
Is to betake us to our Beads and Prayers.

Clin. Be as be may, baſe fortune I defie,
We bravely liv'd and Ile as boldly dye.

young For. Hoyſt ſayl for *England* with our long wiſht prize,
Whilſt we applaud that fortune he defies. *Exe.*

Enter old Mr. Harding, Anne *his wife*, Foſter *and* Goodwin, William *and* John, Philip *and* Suſans *ſetting forth a Table.*

old Hard. Y'ar welcom Gentlemen, come take your places as your degrees are: wife the chair is yours; my loving boyes ſit, let th' ſervants wait. *Joh.* Brother, that's you. *old Hard.* This day I do entreat you Gentlemen after the Tables ended, to be witneſs unto ſome deeds that muſt inherit theſe, and him that is my eldeſt quite diſable, to which I muſt entreat your friendly hands. *Foſt* Mine ſtil is at your ſervice.

Good. So is mine Sir. *Will.* O day long lookt for.

Joh. Now ſhall we live like two young Emperors; oh day worthy to be writ in the Almanack in red Letters for a moſt famous holyday.

Phil. Well jeſt on Gentlemen, when all is try'd,
I hope my patience ſhall exceed your pride.

Will. Wait at my elbow with a clean trencher *Phil*: doe your duty, and have your due, you know your place, be ready with a glaſs of beer, and when *I* ſay fil, fil.

Enter

Enter the Clown.

Clow. If pleaſe your worſhip here is a manner, or a kind of ſome foul deſire to have ſome conference with you. *old Hard.* A ſea foul?

Clow. Yes a Sea-gul, I mean a Mariner, he ſaies he hath ſome news to tell you from my Miſtris her brother at ſea.

Old Hard. Touching my venter, prithee guide him in.

Clow. He ſmels as they ſay of pitch and tar, if you will have him to perfume the room with his ſea musk. Ile ſhew him the way iuſtantly.

old Hard. I prethee do, and that with expedition.

Anne. I did not look thus ſoon to hear from him.

old Hard I fear ſome ſtrange miſhap hath late befaln him.

Enter Saylor and the Clown.

Anne. Now honeſt friend the news, how fares my brother?

old Hard. How doth my venter proſper?

Sail. Sir, your Ship is taken, all your goods by Pirats ſeiſed, your brother priſoner, and of all your venter there's not the value of one penny ſaved. *old Hard.* That news hath pierc'd my ſoul, and enter'd me quite through my heart, I am on the ſudden ſick, ſick of I fear a mortal malady; oh, oh. *Joh.* How is it with my father?

old Hard. Worſe and worſe, the news of ſuch a great and weighty loſs kils all my vitals in me. *Will.* Father, for heavens ſake father dye not yet before you have made over your land.

Joh. That were a jeſt indeed, why father, father?

old Har. Trouble me not, if I ſurvive this nigt, you two ſhal be my heirs.

Will. This night if it be thy will. *Anne.* Alaſs, how fare you Sir?

Joh. Take courage father. *old Harr.* Son lead me hence, and bear me to my bed, my ſtrength doth fail, I cannot help my ſelf.

Will. Run, run for the writings, they are ready drawn at the Scriveners, bid him bring them quickly with a vengeance.

old Hard. Let them alone, my hand hath not the ſtrength to guide my pen, let them alone I ſay, ſupport me to my bed, and my kind neighbors,
Aſſiſt me with your prayers, for I divine
My ſoul this night ſhall amongſt Angels ſhine.

Joh. Marry heaven forbid, can he find no time to die but now? come let's in, & haunt his ghoſt about the writings. *Exe. man.* Good. & Foſt.

Foſt. 'Tis ſtrange the bare report of ſuch a loſs ſhould ſtrike a man ſo deeply to the heart.

Goodw. I oft have read the like, how ſome have dyed with ſudden joy, ſome with exceeding grief.

Foſt. If he ſhould dye Inteſtate, all the land falls to the elder brother, and

and the younger have nothing ſave meer from his curteſie.

Goodw. I know it, neither lands nor moveables. Come lets hear what further news within. *Enter the Clown.*

Clow. O my Maſter, my Maſter, what ſhal I do for my poor Maſter, the kind churl is departed, never did poor hard-hearted wretch part out of the world ſo like a lamb; alaſs for my poor uſuring, extortioning Maſter, many an old widdow haſt thou turned into the ſtreet, and many an orphan made beg their bread; oh my ſweet, crul, kind, pittileſs, loving, hard hearted Maſter, he's dead, he's dead, he's gone, he's fled and now full low muſt lye his head. Oh my ſweet, vild, kind, flinty, mild, uncharitable maſter.

Foſt. Dead on the ſuddain! 'tis exceeding ſtrange, yet for the eldeſt ſon it happens well.

Goodw. Ill for the younger brother. *Enter* Jack *and* Will.

Will. Jack. Jac. Will. Wil. The land's gon. *Jac.* Fathers dead.

Will. We have made a fair hand on't, have we not? who ſhall fil the glaſs now, and wait upon our trenchers?

Jac. Nay who muſt go to plough, and make clean the hen-rouſt, rub horſe-heels, lead the wains, remove the billets, clenſe the ſhoules, and and indeed who muſt do all the drudgery about the houſe?

Wil. Could he find no time to dye but now? I could even cry for anger: here they come. *Enter* Phil. & Suſ. *wel habited.* Anne *and others.*

Phil. My fathers dead. *Ann.* Alaſs for my dear husband.

Phil. Comfort your ſelf, although he die inteſtate it ſhall not hurt you; we have found you kind, and ſhall be now as willing to requite you, as able: How now brothers, do you weep? and bear a part with us in heavineſs? no, no, your griefs and ours is contrary; I grieve I have loſt a father, ſhe a husband, this doth not move you; you lamenting ſtand, not for a fathers loſs, but loſs of land: do you remember with what rude deſpight, what baſe contempt, and ſlaviſh contumelie you have deſpis'd me and my dear lov'd wife. *Jac* We partly remember it.

Phil. So do not I; I have forgot it quite, in ſign whereof, though had you got my lands, heaven knows how ill you would have dealt with me, thus Ile uſe you receive your patrimony.

Clow. No more fellow *Phil* now, but here receive your proportions.

Phil. Your diet if you pleaſe is at my table, or where you pleaſe if you refuſe my kindneſs.

Will. Kindneſs unlookt for, thanks gentle brother. *Jack*, why this gold will never be ſpent.

Clow. Oh it is an eaſie thing to bring this mountain to a molehil.

Jac. This is more of your curteſie then our deſerving, to trouble your table being ſo many Ordinaries in town, were ſomwhat ſuperfluous.

Phil. Spend but in compaſs, rioting eſchew, waſte not, but ſeek to encreaſe your patrimony, beware of dice and women; company with men of beſt deſert and qualitie; lay but theſe words in your hearts inrold, you'l find them better then theſe bags of gold.

Wil. Thanks for your coyn and counſel: Come *Jack* this ſhall be laviſht among the ſuburbs; here's drink mony, dice mony, and drab mony, here's mony by the back, and mony by the belly; here's that ſhall make us merry in Claret, Muskadine, and Sherrey: farewel, brother.

Jac. My moſt bounteous brother. *Clow.* Farewel young Maſters.

Phil. And now my vilde friends, ſuch as fawn on plenty, and cannot bear the very name of want.

Clow. We have found the Mine now.

Phil. You that diſabled once the power of heaven, and ſcorn'd my ſtate unable to be rais'd.

Clow. You ſee here's your Tale, and your Taleſman.

Phil. Take heed leſt here for your unthankfulneſs, that once rais'd, doe not remove your eſtates (God be with you) henceforth howe'r you ſpeed, truſt not in riches, and deſpiſe not need.

Clow. One threeſcore pound will do't.

Phil. Mother, the thirds of all my Fathers lands are yours; with whatſoever you like elſe; and now ſweet *Sue* it glads me I ſhall make thee partner of all this plenty that boreſt part with me in all extream neceſſities. *Suſ.* You are all my wealth, nor can I taſt of want whilſt I keep you; O would theſe fortunes raiſe my down caſt Father, or repeal my Brother, my baniſht brother to his native home, I were in all my thoughts at peace with heaven.

Phil. All that I have is theirs; my only ſorrow, next to my father, is in part for them, and next for your dear brother tane at Sea, whoſe loſſe if he ſurvive we will repair even with the beſt of our ability; but come unto our fathers burial firſt, whom though his life brought ſorrow, death content, we cannot but with funeral tears lament.

Clow. And now no fellows unleſs it be at footbal. *Enter Merchant.*

Anne. Heaven being juſt could not deal longer roughly with one ſo virtuous and compleatly honeſt, he merits all he hath, but to my ſtate. I am at once doubly unfortunate, I have loſt a husband and a brother too. *Mr.* A husband, Siſter, but no brother, ſo that brother lives.

Anne. And can it heaven be ſo?

Mr. You are the cauſe I live.

Anne.

Anne. I brother? how? tidings were brought into this place but now your ſhip was ſpoyl'd, you priſoner.

Mer. And 'twas true, yet all theſe loſſes I regain'd by you.

Anne. By me? *Mer.* By you, and Siſter thus it was; you ſav'd the life of a young Gentleman, whom for your ſake I furniſht out to ſea, he when my ſhip was taken, I ſurpris'd, and bound, and caſt in hold, reſtor'd my fortunes, and beſides all my merchandiſe reſtor'd, wherein you bare chief venter, made me ſharer of the rich Pirats prize.

Anne. That Gentleman!

Mer. The ſelf ſame in whoſe life you did ſave your ſelf ſome thouſand pounds, I have as further token of his gratitude, in this choice jewel he commends to you millions of gratulations and kind thanks, beſides unto his Siſter ſtore of gold to redeem her wretched husband and her ſelfe from my deceaſed brothers ſlavery, which now I ſee pale death hath done for them.

Anne. You ſpeak of unexſpected novelties, with which we will acquaint their ſorrowful ſouls; theſe tokens will be joyful to them both, and tydings of his ſafety welcomer then that great ſumme by him regain'd at ſea.

Mer. We do them wrong to keep news of ſuch joy
So long from them, which wee'l no longer ſmother,
Tvvo thouſand pounds I bring you and a brother. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scen. 1.

Enter the Sheriffs, the ſilver Oare, Purſer *and* Clinton *going to Execution.*

Pur. NOW how is't with thee *Clinton*? *Clin.* Well, vvell.

Pur. But vvas't not better vvhen vve raign'd as Lords, nay Kings at Sea, the Ocean vvas our realm, and the light billows in the which we ſayl'd our hundreds, nay our ſhires, and provinces, that brought us annual profit, thoſe were daies.

Clin. Yes golden daies, but now our laſt night's come, and we muſt ſleep in darkneſs.

Pur. Worthy mate we have a flaſh left of ſome half hour long, that let us burn out bravely, not behind us leave a black noyſom ſnuf of cowardiſe ith' noſtrils of our noble countrymen; lets dye no baſe example.

Clin. Thinks *Tom* wanton, whom ſtorms could never move, tempeſts daunt, rocks terrifie nor ſwallowing gulphs affright, to whom the baſe abyſſe in roughеſt rage ſhew'd like a pleaſant Garden in a calm, and the Sea-monſters but like beaſts at land of profit or pleaſure *Clinton* can be affrighted with a halter? hemp him ſtrangle that thinks of him ſo baſely.

Pur. In that word thou haſt put a ſecond ſentence of our lives; yet *Clinton* never was't my thoughts of thee: oh the naval triumphs thou and I have ſeen, nay our ſelves made, when on the ſeas at once have been as many bonefires as in Towns, kindled upon a night of Jubilee, as many Ordnance thundring in the Clouds as at Kings Coronations, and dead bodies heav'd from the hatches, and caſt over-board, as faſt and thick as in ſome common Peſt when the Plague ſweeps Cities.

Clin. That it had ſwept us then too, ſo the ſeas had been to us a glorious monument, where now the fates have caſt us on the ſhelf to hang 'twixt air and water.

Sher. Gentlemen, your limited hour draws nigh.

Pur. I that's the plague we ſpoke of, yet no greater then ſome before have taſted, and hereafter many be bound to ſuffer (and if *Purſer*, as dying men ſeldom deeme amiſs) preſage not wrong, how many gallant ſpirits, equal with us in fame, ſhall this gulf ſwallow, and make this ſilver oare to bluſh in blood? how many Captains that have aw'd the ſeas ſhall fal on this infortunate peece of land? ſome that commanded Ilands, ſome to whom the Indian Mines pay'd Tribute, Turk vayl'd: but when we that have quak'd, nay troubled flouds, and made Armadoes fly before our ſtream, ſhall founder thus, be ſplit and loſt,

Then be it no impeachment to their fame,
Since *Purſer* and bold *Clinton* bide the ſame.

Clin. What is our Ship wel tackled? we may lanch upon this deſperate voyage. *Hang.* Corded bravely.

Pur. Call up the Boatſwain, ſoundly laſh the ſlave with a ropes end; have him unto the Cheſt, or duck him at the Mainyard.

Hang. Have me to the cheſt, I muſt firſt have you to the Gallows, and for Ducking, I'm afraid I ſhall ſee you duckt and drakt too.

Pur. Oh you brave Navigators that have ſeen, or ever had your ſelves command aboard, that knew our Empire there, and our fall now, pitty at leaſt us that are made the ſcorn of a baſe common Hangman.

Shr. Thou doeſt ill to offend them in their deaths.

Hang. I have, and long to make an end of them.

Pur. Hadſt thou but two months ſince wrinkled a brow, look'd but askew, much leſs unloos'd thy lips to ſpeak, ſpeak ſaid I? nay but lodg'd a thought, or murmur of the leaſt affront to us, thee, baſeſt of all worms meat, I had made unwholſom food for Hadocks: but I ha' done.

Clin. Enough *Tom Watton*, with theſe ſheets not ſailes, a ſtiff gale blows to ſplit us on yon rock.

Pur. And ſet ſail from the fatal Marſhal ſeas, and *Wapping* is our harbour,

bour, a quick ſand that ſhall ſwallow many a brave Marine ſouldier, of whoſe valour, experience, skil, and Naval diſcipline, being loſt, I wiſh this land may never have need: but what ſtar muſt we ſail by? or what compaſs? *Hang.* I know not the ſtar, but here's your compaſs.

Pur. Yes that way points the Needle, that way we ſteer a ſad courſe, plague of the Pilot; hear you Mr. Sherif, you ſee we wear good clothes, they are payd for, and our own, then give us leave our own amongſt our friends to diſtribute: There's, Sir, for you. *Clin.* And you.

Pur. The work man made them took never meaſure on a Hangmans back; wear them for our ſakes, and remember us; there's ſome content for him too. *Hang.* Thank your worſhips.

Clin. I would your knaveſhip had our worſhips place, if hanging now be held ſo worſhipful.

Pur. But now our Sun is all ſetting, night comes on, the watery wilderneſs ore which we raign'd, proves in our ruins peaceful, Mr. *Chawtes* trade fearleſs abroad as in the rivers mouth, and free as in a harbor, then fair *Thames*, Queen of freſh water, famous through the world, and not the leaſt through us, whoſe double tides muſt o'rflow our bodies, and being dead, may thy clear waves our ſcandals waſh away, but keep our valours living; now lead on *Clinton*, thus arm in arm lets march to death, and whereſoe'r our names are memoriz'd,
The world report two valiant Pirats fell,
Shot betwixt wind and water; ſo farewel. *Exeunt as they entered.*

Enter old Forreſt *and young* Forreſt.

old For. A fathers bleſſing, more then all thy honours crown thee, and make thy fortunes growing ſtil: Oh heavens I ſhall be too importunate to ask more earthly favours at your hands; now that you after all theſe miſeries have ſtill reſerv'd my ſon ſafe and unſcorn'd. Beſides thy pardon and thy countries freedom, what favours hath her Grace conferr'd on thee?

young For. More then my pardon and the meed propos'd, to grace the reſt, ſhe ſtyl'd me with the order of Knighthood, and for the ſervice of my country, with promiſe of employments of more weight: the Pirats were committed to the Marſhalſeas, condemn'd already, and this day to dye: and now as part of my neglected dutie, it reſts I viſit that fair Gentlewoman to whom I ſtand indebted for my life; that neceſſary duty once perform'd, out of my preſent fortunes to diſtribute ſome preſent comfort to my Siſters wants.

old For. A grateful friend thou art, a kind dear brother, and a moſt loving ſon.

Enter

Enter Philip, Suſan, *Merchant*, Anne.

Phil. Sir, more then all theſe fortunes now befaln me, a fate 'midſt all diſaſter unexpected, my noble brothers late ſucceſs at ſea hath fild me with a ſurpluſage of joy, nor am I leaſt of all endear'd to you, to be the firſt reporter. *Mer.* 'Tis moſt true, and I the man that in the moſt diſtreſs had firſt ſhare of his bounty.

Anne. Of his goodneſs we have had ſufficient taſt already, but to be made more happy in his ſight would plenally rejoyce us.

Suſ. It would prove like ſurfet after ſweet meats.

young For. See all my friends, but rſt let me ſalute her to whom I am moſt bouud. *Suſ.* My moſt dear father.

old For. My bleſſings meeting with a husbands love make thy yeares long and happy.

Anne. You are moſt grateful, and much beyond my merit.

Suſ. O ſpare me, Sir, to fly into his arms that hath ſo long fled from me. *young For.* My ſweet Siſter.

Phil. Bar me not all the beſt fruition of what in part you have taſted: Sir, I am one amongſt the reſt that love you.

young For. I take't my Siſters husband, unto me therefore one moſt intir'd. *Mer.* Sir the ſame, and I though laſt in my acknowledgement, yet firſt in due arrearage.

young For. You I know to be a worthy Merchant and my friend, to whoſe, next to your ſiſters courteſie I ſtand engag'd moſt for a forfeit life: But he next to the powers divine above, I ever muſt adore; and now fair creature I dare more boldly look upon the face of your good man then when I ſaw you laſt.

Mer. And that's ſome queſtion.

young For. Wherefore hath that word ſtruck you with ſudden ſadneſs.

Anne. My husband! *Phil.* He's late dead, and yet hath left her none of the pooreſt widdows.

young For. Dead did you ſay, and I a Batchelor, now on whom better or juſtlier can I confer my ſelf, then to be hers by whom I have my being, and live to her that freely gave me life? there is a providence that prompts to't, and I will give it motion: Gentle Lady, by you I am, and what I am by you, be then to me as I have ſtil'd you laſt, a Lady. heavens have made you my preſerver, to preſerve me for your ſelf, looſing a husband, who knows but you have ſav'd me to that end, that loſt name to recover; and by me ſweet enterchange and double gratitude: I left you ſped, but find you now d ſpoyl'd: Married you venter'd for my ſingle life; Widdow'd, by me to gain the name of wife.

Mer.

Mer. What, pauſe you at the motion? you are not my Siſter if you deny him. *Phil.* Let me plead for him.

Suſ. O doubly link me to you, be you ſtil'd my Brother and my Father.

old For. With you let my age joyn, and make me proud to ſay, that in my laſt of daies, barren of iſſue, I have got ſo fair a daughter.

young For. Sweet, your anſwer.

Anne. Sir, I ſhould much miſtake my own fair ends,
Should I alone withſtand ſo many friends.
I am yours, and onely ſo. *young For.* I yours the ſame, and Lady now I kiſſe you by that name. *Enter Clown.*

Clown. What kiſſing already! then I ſmel another wedding towards, and in no fitter time then now: prepare your ſelves Gentlemen and Gentlewomen; make a hall; for I come to preſent you with a Mask.

Phil. What Mask?

Clow. Not ſuch as Ladies wear upon their faces, to keep the foul from the fair, but a plain Mask, or rather more properly I may call it a Muming, becauſe the preſenters have ſcarce a word to ſpeak for themſelves.

Phil. If there be any that appear as friends, and come to grace our feaſt in courteſie, admit 'em prithee.

Clow. That ſhall I Sir, and with all expedition,
And that without drum, without fife, or muſitian.
Theſe two lines ſhall ſerve for the Prologue: now enter *ſcena prima*, *Dramatis perſonæ*; theſe be the Actors, yet let me entreat you not to condemn them before you hear them ſpeak.

Phil. Amazement ſtartles me: are theſe my brothers?

Clow. By the Fathers ſide it ſhould ſeem; for you know he was a hard man, and it ſhould ſeem 'tis but a hard world with them.

Phil. And theſe my falſe friends that diſtruſted heaven, and put their faith in riches; I pray Gentlemen how comes this change?

Joh. How comes this change ſay you? no chang of paſtors, which they ſay makes fat calves, but change of drink, change of women, change of ordinaries, change of gaming, and one wench in the change; all theſe helpt to make this change in us.

Wil. And change is no robbery, I have been robbed, but not at ruffe, yet they that have robbed you ſee what a poor ſtock they have left me: A whore ſtole away my Maidenhead, ill company my good conditions, a broaker robbed me of my apparel, drink of my wits, and dice of my money.

Phil. This is no more then expectation: but how come you thus altered? *Clow.*

Clow. If you had ſaid haltered, Sir, you had gone more roundly to the buſineſs.

Foſt. Sir, there was coyning laid to my charge, for which (though I acquit my ſelf) I made my eſtate over unto a friend (for ſo I thought him) but now he has coſened me, and turned me out of all.

Goodw. In dead of night my counting houſe was broak ope by theeves, and all my coyn (which was my whole eſtate, and god I then did truſt in) ſtole away, I left a forlorn beggar.

Phil. O wondrous, why this paſſes.

Clow. It may paſs amongſt the reſt for a ſcurvey jeſt, but never like Mother *Paſſes* Ale, for that was knighted.

Mer. Ale knighted! how I prithee?

Clow. You have heard of Ale Knights, therefore it is not improbable that Ale may be knighted. *Mer.* Thy reaſon?

Clow. Why there is Ale in the town that paſſes from man to man, from lip to lip, and from noſe to noſe, but mother *Paſſes* double Ale I aſſure you, Sir-paſſes, therefore knighted.

Phil. Leave trifling, for more ſerious is the object offered before our eyes: In theſe heavens juſtice, in theſe a moſt remarkable preſident to teach within our height to know our ſelves; of which I make this uſe; you are my brothers (a name you once diſdained to call me by) your wants ſhal be relieved: you that diſtruſted heavens providence, and made a mock of want and others miſery, no more deride; part of your loſſe ſhall be by me ſupplyed according to my power.

young For. My noble brother, you teach us virtue, of which I could wiſh all thoſe that ſee good daies make happy uſe, ſo thoſe diſtreſt; for both theres preſident, but to our preſent nuptials; reverent Father dear Lady, Sifter, Friend, nay brothers too, but you Sir, moſt conjoyned and endeared.

In us the world may ſee our fates well ſcan'd,
Fortune in me by Sea, in you by Land. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.